NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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AGENTS.

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Matanzas—Charles P. Butler.

POETRY.

[From the Cincinnati Mirror.]

THE USED UP.

The jig is up: I have been flung
  Sky-high—and worse than that:
The girl whose praises I have sung,
With pen, with pencil, and with tongue,
  Said 'No,'—and I felt flat.

Now, I will neither rave nor rant,
  Nor my hard fate deplore:
Why should a fellow look aslant
If one girl says she won't, or can't,
  While there's so many more?

I strove my best—it wouldn't do:
  I told her she'd regret—
She'd run my heart—and chances, too,
As girls don't like those fellows who
  Their walking papers get.

In truth I loved her very well,
  And thought that she loved me:
The reason why, I cannot tell,
But, when I wooed this pretty belle—
  'Twas a mistake in me.

She's dark of eye—and her sweet smile,
  Like some of which I've read,
Is false—for she, with softest guile,
Lured me 'mong rocks, near love's bright isle,
  And then—she cut me dead.

My vanity was wounded sore—
  And that I hate the worst:
You see, a haughty look I wore,
And thought she could not but adore,
  Of all men, me the first.

Well, thank the fates, once more I'm free—
  At every shrine I'll bow;
And if, again, a girl cheat me,
Exceeding sharp I guess she'll be—
  I've cut my eye-teeth now.

Oh, like the bumblebee, I'll rove
  Just when, and where I please—
Inhaling sweets from every grove,
Humming around each flower I love,
  And dancing in each breeze.

T. H. S.

The following stanza is ironically ascribed to the son of Sir Walter Scott, of the 15th Hussars, an ignorant coxcomb, who boasts of never having read his father's works!

The times are changed—we, modern hussars,
Despising cannon-shot or sabre scars,
Go to a ball, all arrogance and fuss,
Because a *ball* has never *come to us*!

ORIGINAL.

TAR-BRUSH SKETCHES.

BY A FELO-DE-SE.*

NO. 1.

All hands ahoi!

Aiu-aiugh! yawned Old Jack. Wonder what day of the week it is.

You'll find out quick enough, said Bill British. The Second Mate's riggin' the 'ead pump—and means to begin *divine service* with the commandment—'remember the sabbath-day and keep it 'oly—six days shalt you labor and do all thy work and on the seventh 'olystone your decks, and bunder-run your cables.'

What's that you're growling about, Bill British? shouted the second mate through the hatch.

Nothink, sir!

In a few minutes we were fairly at it—water, 'holy-stones' and 'big bibles' (as the sailors have christened large blocks of stone used for scouring decks, particularly on the Sabbath,) were the order of the morning. The second mate, a long, slab-sided Yankee, who had the birth of second officer, on his second trip, by virtue of being ship's cousin, seemed desirous to emulate Hercules on a small scale, and turn all the water of Callao harbor thro' our scuppers. He had thrown fifteen buckets of water at a single rope-yarn which had effected a lodgement under the long-boat. Tired of handing water for his amusement, I dropped on my knees and thrusting my head and shoulders under the boat, reached after the obstinate yarn, which had refused to budge for as much water as would float a seventy-four. Just as I touched it with the end of my finger, zip! came bucket number sixteen. Such a blow under the counter of the old brig would have thrown her bows under. I chose to consider myself *hors du combat*, and crawled toward the forecastle.

Who sprinkled you that a-way? inquired Bill British.

The second mate.

What a go, ha! ha! well, was it a haccident, or done for fun?

He didn't say, but I suppose it was for the reason *a posteriori*. My Yankee shipmates did not laugh till I perpetrated the joke—no bad one by the way for a half-drowned boy—but Bill's mouth which had opened with a half-uttered laugh when he first saw my woe-begone appearance, closed hermetically when I answered his question; he 'couldn't see nothink to laugh at in it.' I dropped down the forecastle hatch; hearing no enquiry for me and concluding that Aquarius had come to the same conclusion as myself, viz. that I had done and suffered my share, proceeded to rig myself in my 'go-ashores.'

Stepped on deck just as the Steward was getting the boat along side to go to market for the Captain's breakfast—slipped into it, and took the bow oar. Cuff, who but for me would have been compelled to navigate with one oar, was too wise to stop to ask questions, and we were out of hail of the brig in a minute. Looked at the blade of my oar as if I was afraid it would break without watching—thought I saw under my hat rim, somebody beckoning on board the brig—but the yard and a half ribbon bothered me and I dared not lose sight of my oar to look up.

Dere—dere—de secon' mate's swingin his arms like de telegraf board, or a Dutch windmill.

Never mind, steward—he wants to bother you with some errand; we cant stop now. Let him send the boat ashore himself, if he wants anything.

Touched the quay and I was ashore in no time. Here, stop, take care de boat, while I go for market.

D—n the boat.

Take a horse, Jack? said a Yankee negro who is established at Callao, for the praiseworthy purpose of fleecing Jack out of his loose change, giving him in exchange the privilege of abusing a wind-broken horse.

Can't stop.

And I did not stop till I was out of Callao, and under the town walls—as I was afraid that walking bundle of midnight, the steward, might make a troublesome outcry if he overtook me. Sat down and pulled off my stockings—long stockings, (sailors have an aversion for socks) rolled them up and put them into my pocket. Saw steward looking intently up the road; kept close—[illegible] with myself as I lay beneath the mud wall, how many notes a blind fiddler used to lose while jumping over it. Just as I had come to the conclusion that such a leap need not interrupt his tune at all, my black friend gave up looking, and turned back into the town.

And now, my trowsers rolled half up my legs to keep [illegible] of the dust, my tarpaulin hat set jauntily on three hairs, and my stockings in my jacket pocket, behold me with my [illegible] and tacks aboard, standing for the renowned city of Lima.

* A person whose love for the salt-water [illegible] out of him, is said upon [illegible] to have 'killed a sailor.'

There was no chance for mistake, any way, a straight road and only one league before me. As I walked I busied myself in anticipations of the splendors of the Golden City, and jumbled all the feats of Pizarro and Fernando Cortez; thought of ingots of gold, of Ralla and Corn, etc. etc. I was overtaking a sort of a nondescript vehicle, and as I neared it, began to hear indistinctly what seemed the howling of man or beast in horrid pain. All my Yankee blood rose within me, and Quixotte like, I crowded sail to overtake and relieve the sufferer. As I overhauled the chase, the sound became to my ear, singularly regular, and rather too monotonous for howls of pain, unless the miserable object were groaning by games—with a bar rest between each note. Nevertheless I pulled foot.

Poor *axles!* they had never felt grease, and all my tugging and sweating, was to get the first intimation of the fact, that custom-house regulations forbade the use of oil upon the few carriages of burden which have crept into use for the relief of the poor mules. If I run again, said I, as I walked by the driver, may I find good cause for it! An odd looking genius, that driver, and worth describing. His slender nether limbs, small as low as the knee in trunk breeches, looked like two planed posts inverted, and yoked together at the base, perambulating on their [illegible]. About his middle was a sash—above, I can't remember, except that on his head was a large straw hat or sombrero. 'Anda! Anda! (Then an indescribable noise with the lips) Anda, bestia!' and ever and anon as he bellowed to his skinny cattle, he punched their raw flanks with his goad. Yes, *raw*, for on the hips of the poor beasts, were places as large as the crown of a hat, where the hide was goaded through—the raw flesh festering and broiling in the sun. I felt my fingers close, and my arm bend—and—that was all, except that my teeth grated. The opportune thought occurred to me, that the cattle would fare no better and I should fare worse for interfering.

I had reached the half way house.—'Key whorah is?' inquired I.

The fellow looked at my sailor rig, and handed down a decanter, of course.

No!—no!

He changed it.

Blast your liquor!

Que dice vm? (What do you say?)

K-e-y w-h-o-r-a-h i-s?

No lo entiendo.

Don't understand? Confound a book of conversations that won't learn a fellow to ask what o'clock it is.

Ah! watty clock! Que hora es? Lo entiendo; son las once y cuarto. As I had studied Spanish the evening before, with a particular reference to learning the time of day, I understood the answer—a quarter past eleven,—better than the Spaniard did the question, pronounced '*key whorah is*;'—and satisfied with learning the hour, I was about budging again, when my friend of the bar stopped me, and made me understand, that I was to pay for the liquor a moustachio-ed soldier had drunk while I was murdering King Ferdinand's Spanish. I made wry faces at this proposition, but there was no get away—so I lugged out my solitary half dollar, and let him deduct the price therefrom. I pocketed the change, and marched, but found that my money, small as it was in amount, had secured me a friend who seemed disposed to stick closer than a brother. I slackened my pace—he was in no hurry.—I walked fast—and he cracked on. I crossed the road—and he was seized with a like impression that the other side was pleasantest. Slow or fast, cross or recross, it was all one to my *amigo*. My shadow could not have followed my motions more faithfully. When I found that shaking him off was altogether out of the question, I submitted to the infliction with the best grace I could.

My friend began trying to converse in broken English—interspersed with an occasional Spanish word—to which I attempted to reply in broken Spanish, with a sprinkling of English. But as the conversation could not be understood without the gestures—and as it is utterly impossible to place them upon paper without the assistance of Johnston—I shall not undertake it. I began to grow sadly [illegible] weary—not all the novelty of my situation and the peculiarly pleasant circumstances under which I was travelling, could persuade my limbs that they were bound to forget their sea-trim on so unreasonable an errand as their master was upon. Taking advantage of the shade afforded by trees which are planted on each side of the road for a couple of miles from the city,—under which are placed seats at regular intervals, I brought myself to an anchor. Perceiving my rascally shadow about to seat himself with me, I threw myself at whole length upon the bench. Just escaped from the broiling sun, and still stifling, bone-dry air of the road, which to this point was straight, uniform, shadeless, and with the exception of one half-ruined village, and the half-way house, monotonous, my present situation was a perfect paradise—or would have been but for the infernal soldier, who still hovered over me like a turkey-buzzard over a prize, the possession of which has been disputed with him. Gradually my vision became indistinct, objects faded before me—and in a trice I was on board the brig—the waters made a clean breach over her, and knocked me under the long boat—I seized a spar to stop drifting about deck, and it changed in my hands to a tall Yankee, with the features and form of the second mate—who seized me by the throat—I struck at him and—knocked down my dusky amigo, the soldier. 'Oh you d-d picaroon,' said I, fairly awake. The fellow had been trying to relieve my neck of the kerchief, in which, finding the soldier determined to stick to me, I had taken the precaution to knot my money.

Senor Soldado gathered himself up, and as he came toward me, I could perceive that he was no model for a picture of Moses, if, as we read, that worthy was the meekest of men. I sprang to my feet;—fortunately enough a mounted soldier rode up. Don't mistake him for a horse-soldier, gentle reader,—he was mounted on an ass. Attracted by our position he reined in—no,—he stopped beating his animal directly abreast where we stood; and the beast, who seemed to have learned that one stop was expected for every blow, but no steps on any other condition, stopped short. My soldier immediately commenced a palaver with the stranger—and finding the tide setting against me, I appealed to him also—'Romper—said I, catching hold of my throat,—' romper mi handkerchiefo—Bur-r-r-r,' another gesture as if strangling—' Bur-r-r-r,—caro, murdero—muerty—steals,—no—payceo—bur-r-r-r, dollars,' and here another grand flourish. I thought I had explained to a miracle, that the soldier had tried to strangle and rob me, and looked up for a sheepish, guilty face on the one part, and protection on the other—but both blockheads laughed as if they had the cachinations of a life-time to exhibit within the half hour,—and the mounted one was for making off, when I made him understand that I should like to ride. I had better success in this, than in complaining of the robbery, and was soon placed on the little beast behind his master.

Thus mounted, I gained nothing in time, for the two heroic defenders of their country's liberty commenced a conversation—to accommodate which, the pace of the donkey was regulated to a slow walk. I could not sufficiently admire the materials of which the army of the Patriots of which we had heard so much, was composed—as I [illegible] ample opportunity to observe,—the number of [illegible] increasing as we drew nearer the city. Coal black, and all the intermediate [illegible] to white, [illegible] Indian, and all the varieties [illegible] by intermarriages between Spaniard and Indian, and Indian and Negro. [illegible]

[illegible]

OUR EPHRAIM:

OR, THE NEW ENGLANDERS.

A What-d'ye-call it!—In three Acts.

ACT II.

SCENE 1. *A large room with a quilting frame stretched upon four chairs, one or the other of which is eternally slipping away, or tilting up.* AUNT EUNICE, NEIGHBOR JONES, MISS CHANDLER, *and others all seated round it in dead silence, and at work as fast as they can make their fingers fly, their noses almost touching the quilt, when the curtain rises.*

N. B. Throughout the following scene, the silence is interrupted, first by one person, speaking in a low voice, then by another, and another, and growing louder, till they are all screaming and talking together.—During the bustle, one stops to thread a needle, another to stretch a chalk line, another to adjust her chair &c. &c.—but nobody stops talking. Then one drops off—then another—and another, till you may hear a pin fall. Cake, pie, cheese &c on the quilt—candles and a looking glass.

Miss B. Wonder what's the matter with Liddy Smith—she aint not with a [illegible] to-day. (*[illegible]* *in her chair*)

Miss C. If she aint back putty soon, we shall have the [illegible] afore she gits here.

[illegible]. I kind o' conceit she aint a comin back at all—every time I've looked up, she's ben a cryin.

Aunt Eu. What say! (*sharply*)

B. Aint seemed to know what she was about all day.

1. All day!—it's more'n a week she aint ben fit for anything—ought to be abed.

2. More'n a week! More'n a month, to my sartin knowledge; an if I was her Aunt Smith, I'd know the reason why!

3. More'n a month! I rather guess you're right neighbor Hayes; I've known her pretty nigh a twelvemonth, an they *do say!* (*whispering*)

All. (*One after the other*) Why how ye talk!—Lord-a-massy!—you don't say so!—taint possible!—do tell!—(*Louder and louder—all talking together, and each telling a different story—then all drop off, one by one, till another dead silence occurs.*)

Miss A. (*To Miss Chandler*) I never sed nobody take on so in all my life, when you fust begun to tell about the strange letters to Major Bob Smith, and about the man 'twas seen in the woods this arternoon—guess she's afeared to go home alone.

Miss C. Oh, she aint a gwyin home tonight.

Mrs B. I should be afeard to sleep alone, most any where these times.

Miss Ch. So should I—most any time.

2nd. (*To Aunt Eunice*) Didn't know but she might a ben crossed in love?——or somethin else?

Aunt E. (*Taking snuff and squeaking*) Crossed in love! no seeh carrins-on here, I promise ye! Like to see anybody crossed in love where I am (*Takes another pinch*)—What-say!

Miss A. So should I!—But there's one thing I observed jest arter she returned from Feladelphy—let me see, five, six, seven, nearly eight months ago—

Mrs B. Ah! You didn't tho', did ye! (*stops work and leans over.*)

Aunt E. (*Listening*) *What say!*—clack, clack, clack!

Mrs B. What was it?—(*stooping over*)

3. Shan't go any furder; what are ye afeard of—hey?

1st. Shouldn't like to say—maybe I was deceived—looks is very deceitful sometimes (*Taking a bite of cake and cheese at her elbow*) Aint half so spry of a gal as she was four or five years ago—if twant for her hair—and her speech—nobody'd know she want brung up here.

Aunt E. (*Shakes her head and laughs*) Wouldn't they!—he, he, he!

Mrs B. But as I said afore, there's one thing I observed long ago—(*stops and threads a needle*) she can't bear to stay in this room alone.

Mrs A. I rather guess somethin's happened here!

Miss C. Wal—I shouldn't wonder if there had—Poor gal!

Others. (*Triumphantly*) There Lavyny! what did I say!

Mrs B. *Wal!*—if I didn't think so! used to be so thick together!

Miss C. Couldn't tell which was which, sometimes—(*whispering—all lean forward—a chair slips, all talking together*)

Aunt E. Plague take the cheers! one or tother on em is always etarnally out o' kilter! Might a ben done half an hour ago, an all cleared away, if twant for them air pesky rattletraps! (*Taking snuff with one hand, and trying to steady the chair with the other*) Neighbor Jones! I wish you'd—Neighbor Jones! I say! (*They grow more and more vociferous, and Aunt Eunice is obliged to scream*) I wish you'd jest tip up your eend a leetle might more, Miss Jones—Lord-a-massy! She couldn't hear it thunder now. (*Another chair gives way—general bustle—and the things roll upon the floor.*)

All together. There goes the chalk-line! An there goes the rest o' the cheers! An there goes the candlesticks, and the pitchers!—hang on! hang on! (*All grab at whatever happens to be nearest. The chairs are righted, the talkers drop off one by one; Aunt Eunice seats herself in one of the most troublesome to steady it, with her back to the company, and at last nobody is heard but Neighbor Jones, who continues working away, and talking without lifting her eyes.*)

Miss Jones. No, indeed, not he!—Never the man to cross me till arter we was married, I promise ye! (*Aunt Eunice shakes her head*) I remember a try he had once for it, though. We was out in the woods together arter huckleberries—(*takes another bite of cake*) an nothin would do, but he must carry the dipper—ah that I shouldn't a minded so much—but he wanted to carry it his own way! (*All express astonishment*)

Aunt E. (*Taking snuff*) Clack, clack, clack! An allers forever about her husband and children too; when if the truth was known, I'd wage a trifle that he's allers a-whalin her, when she aint a-whalin them.—(*Snuff*) Most of the boys have to be new seated once a month when she's to home—that I know!—An as for the gals, if they was mine I'd have em all coppered (*Rises and shakes her apron, and all the company fall a-sneezing*)

Miss Jones. (*Continuing more earnestly*) An with that, says he to me—he want a corporal then—Charlotty Matildy! says he. Good Lord! I guess my dander was up! All goose-flesh inside an out!

Aunt E. Bee so ever sence.

Miss J. An so, I just twitched away the dipper, about the quickest, I tell ye; an I right up an tells him, says I—Jeremiah P. W. Jones—its my opinion, says I, that you're goin a leetle too fast, an a leetle too far, says I—jess so! (*All give a nod of approbation*) An what's more says I, if you think you're gwyin to have your way with me, says I, (*Raising her voice as one after another [illegible]*) [illegible] says I—you'll find yourself plaguily mistaken! says I—jess so! (*Aunt Eunice [illegible] and Miss Jones [illegible] trying in vain to thread a needle*)—[illegible] you, says I!—(*all appear in silence*)

A. E. [illegible] (*[illegible]*)

(*[illegible]*)

[illegible]

—(*the music, when the girls all contrive to get a peep at the glass, one after the other*)

Miss A. Poor soul!—went off in a parenthesis, hey?

Mrs B. No! that was her husband—she conquered arter a year arter this.

Mrs C. Went out, with nothin in the world on but a pair o' cloth slippers!

Aunt E. No wonder she took cold! (*The young men guffaw, and wink at the girls*)

Miss J. There tis!—I'm done!—(*Jumps up*)—bent ye all!

Mrs B. Your eend finished?—so is mine!—there tis!—(*Jumps up*)

Others. Finished my stent! (*all jump out of the chairs and the young men rush forward to roll up the quilt*) Quilt's out! quilt's out! clear away there!

[illegible]. Hourrah for our side!—Hourra! hourra! now for the lunch!—there she goes! hourra!

(*Enter a child*)

Child. Aunt Eunice! Mother says there aint cups enough for all'ts here; an she want's to know if anybody's had any thing to take afore they come?

Several. I've ben to supper!

All. (*Speaking together*) An so've I!—an I too!—An so for me, I've just left the crib—an so've I!—(*getting behind one another and attempting to escape*)

Aunt E. (*Growing more an more civil as they show more an more unwillingness*) All ben to supper then, hey? sure ye have?—(*To one*) plenty to eat in there, seeh as tis! (*to others*) An good enough too, *what there is on't*. (*all crowd away from her*) ye won't, then, will ye?

All speaking together. No'm thank ye—much obleege to you as if I did though—thank ye kindly, Aunt Eunice—never eat nothin myself, to speak of—no casion, &c &c.

A. E. (*To each*) You won't then, will ye?—no use o' urgin I spose?

All. Obleege to you, Aunt Eunice—

A. E. (*To each and all in quick reply*) Hadn't ye better tho! (*Taking a pair of candles and walking off.—At this moment other faces are seen looking in at the windows and two or three strangers appear at the door. Great bustle follows, the girls crowd to the glass, and try to arrange their hair—others begin to put on their shoes and shake their clothes*) might go an see the others eat though—Lord-a-massy! what's them people want (*holding up the lights, and trying to see*)

Brig Shir. St'Boy there! st'boy!—(*she drops the lights and a general scampering and laughing follows*)

1st Girl. I say twas Squire Chew!

2nd. No twant I tell ye—twas Master Toby?

3 & 4. Why how ye talk!—Taint though is it?

All. Do stand away from afore the glass a minnet, will ye?—There goes my comb!—Aint fit to be seen!—Oh my!

Miss Ch. Taint possible! He never goes into good society, doose he?

Miss B. Ruther guess 'twas Master Toby—Uncle Jehediah bid him off this arternoon, I heerd, long o' two or three more town charges—

Miss J. Do tell!—how much fur?

Mrs C. Seventy-five cents a week, an washin—*all round.*

Miss S. Seventy-five cents a week all round!—no wonder Uncle Jebby's the richest man hereabouts!

Miss Ch. Might a ben a good spec at seventy-five cents a head, if Master Toby hadn't insisted on dinin at the poor-house thankagivin days—an the run o' the hog-trough the rest o' the time. (*giggling*)

Aunt E. Seventy-five cents a week *an washin!* Hard bargain too, if he aint most plaguily altered! Dirtiest feller ever I see, when he boarded with us afore. Had to wash himself all over two or three times a week—to my sartin knowledge. (*more giggling—Aunt Eunice takes snuff*) Had his shirt washed every other night, arter he went to bed—An there's no sayin how often he turned it!

Miss J. Why how ye talk!—What for?

Aunt E. An they *do* say (*mysteriously*) tho' as to *that* I couldn't speak o' my own knowledge—never see him do *that*—but I've hearn them say so that have seen him—they do say that he couldn't keep his mouth clean without a tooth-brush. (*General loathing and disgust among the girls*)

Brig Sh. Allers told ye twant a man!—haw! haw! haw!

Miss Ch. Ought to be ashamed o' yourself Brigadier—bad so! (*Fidgetting*)

A. E. Seventy-five cents a week an washin, hey?—mendin too, I spose?

Brig Sh. No marm, not quite so bad as all that comes to—overseers an Master Toby couldn't agree about the mendin. Want a word mentioned on that subject in the original writings drawed by Squire Pope, an they've ben to see Squire Chew of Winsur, Varmount, and got his written opinion—I see it myself—he says Master Toby may do his damdest; for the town may defy him on that are pinte.—Halloo!—talk o' the——sh!—sh!—twas him sure enough. Here he comes. (*dead silence*)

(*Enter* MASTER TOBY, *a genteel young man with a pale face and a prodigious quantity of black hair.—Clothes fashionably made, but threadbare. As he enters with one arm glued to his side, the girls begin to giggle and crowd together near the glass—catching an occasional peep and adjusting their combs. The young men betray a good deal of dissatisfaction and keep together.*)

Toby. Ladies and gentlemen! your most obedient! Aunt Eunice, I hope your're very well this evening: Miss Chandler—Mrs Bray—

Miss J. *Miss-ses* Bray! A pretty speech to a married woman!

To. Ah, Mrs Jones!—(*bowing all round, name by name*)

Miss Ch. *Miss-ses* Jones too!—I shouldn't stomach that if I was you, Miss Jones.—(*The young men grow frolicksome.*)

Mr A. (*Pushing the Brigadier head foremost into the room*) Baa!—aa!—aa!—guess who that is! (*general laugh, and cries of baa—aa—aa! in imitation of a sheep, and Miss Chandler contrives to giggle more significantly than the rest.*)

Miss B. Why that's Brigadier Shirley!

Girl. That are gal's feller that's snickerin so, hey? (*pointing to Miss C.*)

1st. (*To Shirley, pushing him toward the schoolmaster*) What are ye feared on, ye fool you?—speak to him!

Other. (*Clapping their hands*) Ah, ay! speak to him! baa—aa!—st'boy!—st'boy!

Brig Sh. How d'ye do, Master Toby?

To. (*With dignity*) How do you do sir?—I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen!—I had a message for Miss Smith—(*two or three old ladies start up*) for Miss Smith!—(*two or three young ones come forward*)—for Miss Lydia Smith!—I thought she was here. (*Looking about.*)

Miss Ch. (*Imitating*) For Miss Smith!—for Miss Liddyah Smith! I vumy! if that aint wonderin!

1st Girl. I should be ashamed, Rozybelly Chandler!

Miss Ch. Oh my!—you want to be a miss too, I spose?

Miss Jones. (*Significantly*) What did I tell ye?

Miss A. I thought as much—no wonder she couldn't set still.

To. She's not here, I perceive. Can you tell me—

Miss A. She's ben gone these two hours. (*Interchanging looks with her companions*)

[illegible]. Maybe she expected you? (*speaking quick and running behind the others*)

Others. [illegible]—Baa—aa—aa! St'boy!—St'boy!

To. These two hours! Indeed. Can you tell me, madam (*To Aunt Eunice, who is trying to relight the candles*) where I should be likely to find her?

Aunt E. Oh you needn't trouble yourself!—[illegible]

—I rather guess—she aint a goin your way to night. An what's more (*Holding a candle up to his face—in protecting himself, he lifts the arm which had hung motionless hitherto; a large rent underneath, and a general half suppressed titter follows*) An what's more—(*squeaking*) she expects company to my sartin knowledge!

To. Good night, Ladies! (*As he turns at the door and lifts his arm to put on his hat, he betrays the secret again—puts the other hand up in considerable trepidation and discovers the cause—the men yaw-haw and point—the women giggle, but the girls appear indignant at the behavior of the others—his feelings get the mastery of him for a moment, as he turns to measure his adversaries, man by man, till his eye rests upon the largest of the whole.*)

Aunt E. Come to supper, didn't ye?—Like to have ye, if we can find plates enough—or room enough.

To. (*Emotion*) No, I thank ye, madam. (*Going*)

Aunt E. Hadn't ye better now? (*Following him—he stops.*)

To. Good night ladies!—And good night to you sir!—and you!—and you!—[illegible] (*[illegible] the crowd and exit.*)

Aunt E. What say! (*looking after him.*)

1st. Why! I believe my soul he's ryled!

Others. Baa!—aa!—aa!—St'boy!—St'boy!—Baa!—aa!

Brig Sh. (*Going to the door and calling after him*) Aint mad nor nothin! air ye?—There he goes!—wont look round, feard o'twistin his head off!—never could take a joke—

2nd. Stiff as a mitten!—swallered a crow-bar!

3rd. (*Walking about and imitating Toby*) Thought he was rather lame here! (*lifting his arm*) just back o' the fore shoulder—haw, haw, haw!

Aunt E. What are you calclatin of, Miss Jones?

Miss J. (*Holding up all her fingers—one bent*) You haint forgot what we was a sayin about Liddy, I hope?—(*counts them*)—not quite three quarters of a year, if I'm right, an taint often 'tyme out o' my reckonin, sence he come here to live—all among ourselves, I hope? wouldn't have it go no furder—no wonder she can't bear to stay in this room—used to sleep here, didn't he?—(*Aunt Eunice tries to catch this, but the speaker stops in season.*)

Aunt E. There, there, that'll do!—Enough's enough. Brigadier Sharley!

Brig Sh. Marm!

Aunt E. I appynte you master of ceremonies—lead off there, will ye!

Brig Sh. O, ho! We're gwyin to have a dance arter supper then, hey? Come tumble up ladies! tumble up!—Chuse your partners, gentlemen. (*Pairs off with Miss Chandler, followed by others, carrying the table, quilting frames, and chairs, &c—higgledy, piggledy—all trying to be first. In the bustle, the lights are extinguished—and, as they pass through the dark entry, great screaming and laughing is heard, accompanied by the following outcries*)—Git aout!—what do you want o' me!—Baa—aa—aa!—Can't ye behave!—Waugh!—St'boy! St'boy!—I should be ashamed!—&c. &c. &c.

ACT II.

SCENE 2. *Thick wood—after night-fall.* MAJOR BOB SMITH *in full uniform, reconnoitering. Hat and feathers—booted and spurred—pistols in his belt, a rifle behind him, leaning against a tree; a long-nine, lighted, in his mouth; a horseman's sword over the left shoulder—the heavy iron scabbard rattling at every change of position.*

Maj. B. (*marching.*) Shan't stay here much longer—don't like the prospect. (*Halts and flourishes the sword.*)—Who goes there!—(*Pause*)—Make ready!—(*Lugs out a pistol and cocks it*)—Aim!—(*levels at a tree and turning his head away.*) One!—two!—three!—Fire! (*Blazes away—great scampering and screaming heard afar off.*) Oh Lod-a-massy! what have I done! Believe my soul I've hit something! (*Runs off, leaving the rifle and throwing away the discharged pistol.—Two or three shots are heard in quick succession, and then a bugle.*)

Enter MASTER TOBY—*reconnoitering and listening.*

Ah! another shot!—and another!—squibbing all along shore, hey?—(*bugle*)—and there goes the conch-shell again! Really, if we were not so far from the Canadas, I should believe the British were upon us, indeed!—Hey, what's this!—(*picks up a patch of lighted tow*)—wadding!—and all afire!—The last place in the world for mischief—a mile above the bridge where the boat appeared, and not half a stone's throw from Major Smith's—or I should think there might be something in this, after all.—Voices, and a musket-shot in the woods here after night fall, and nobody to explain either! (*Firing.*) Ah, there goes the alarm up river!—on both sides too!—Hourra for New-Hampshire! Hourra for the Granite Region!—There goes the conch-shell tother side—Hourra for Vermont!—hourra for the Green Mountain Boys!—Upon my word, if we were a little nearer the lines, I should begin to believe the horses I saw tother morning so early, on the Vermont side, might have something to do with the boat below the bridge—(*sees the rifle.*) Ah!—a rifle!—(*Examines it*)—and loaded too!—and full cocked!—(*Listens*)—sh!—sh!—I hear a rustling under the bank. (*Slips behind a tree with his rifle ready for immediate use.*) It may be only a catamount or a bear; but whatever it is (*levelling*) its best to make sure o' the first goings-in.

Re-enter MAJOR BOB—*hat off, coat unbuttoned, and all out of breath, sash dragging; a pistol in one hand, a sword in the other. Gropes about and listens. Missing the rifle*)—Gone!—slick as grease!—'taint possible, though!—yes 'tis!—Good enough for me. Hadn't ought-a-left it here—Jest think o' leavin' a rifle in the woods o' New-Hampshire!—where a hoss aint safe while you're holdin' on by the bridle—one eend's sure to be run off with, while you're taken keer o' tother.—Don't feel very safe *myself* somehow.—No more sojorin' for me—had enough on't—major or no major—spy or no spy—Varmonters may skin their own skunks arter this, for all me. Didn't know but what I might stan' a chance for that air fifty dollars—an' not burn my fingers nyther—nor get 'em jammed! Oh Lord! what's that! (*Presenting the sword and pistol different ways.*) Whoo—oo—oo goes there!

To. A friend!

Maj. Bob. (*Lets off the pistol.*) Dead or alive!

To. (*Advancing.*) Why Major Smith, is that you!

Major Bob. Keep off! keep off!—what do ye want o' me!

To. Man alive! don't you know me?

Maj. Bob. Keep off! keep off! or I'll blow ye through! (*levelling the sword point blank.*)

To. My dear sir? what's the matter with you? what's happened? Don't you know me?

Maj. B. Dont know as I do!—what d'ye want o' me? who air ye?

To. Look at me—

Maj. B. Keep off! keep off!—what!—hey!—'taint possible!—not Master Toby, is it?

To. Indeed but it is though.

Maj. B. Sure on't?

To. Yes—yes—

Maj. B. Then I should like to know what business you have with my rifle (*seizing it.*)

To. None at all. If it is yours, you are welcome to it. But what's all this firing for?

Maj. B. Oh, you don't know, do ye?—Heard the [illegible] an' squallin' here, didn't ye?

To. I heard voices and a pistol shot.

Maj. B. Voices!—you did, hey!

To. But nothing more.

Maj. B. You didn't! hey?—(*Adjusting his [illegible]*) [illegible]

To. Indeed!

Maj. B. No; that you haint—(*mysteriously.*) There's ben hell to pay here.

To. Indeed!

Maj. B. Most o' the troop's gone down river—all Varmount and the biggest half o' New-Hampshire's up in arms—

To. You received my letter I hope?

Maj. B. Why, that want your letter was it? (*Pulls it forth.*) No wonder I didn't know you're hand-writin' (*Holds it up.*) To Robert Smith Esquire, Bob Major—major Bob I should say—of the New Hampshire light horse—can't see very well here, and so forth and so forth, and so forth—I should like to know what you planned that are row of superscrads all along there for.—To be delivered immediately!—and why you signed your name Thomas Lyttleton Pop-pop—Popham Hall, Esquire.—Important and confidential!—hey?

To. Major Smith—here is some mistake. The letter I sent you was not signed at all. It was directed to you simply as major Smith; and related to nothing but the [illegible]

Maj. B. My stars!—you dont say so!—Just look o' there then! (*Handing the letter*) See what you can make o' that; you've allers ben such a clever feller, I aint a mite afeered to trust you—allers right up an down, like a sheep's tail goin over a wall!

To. I am greatly obliged to you sir, for such a mark of your confidence, but really—it would be quite impossible to read it here. (*Going*)

Maj. B. Never mind take it home with you then; lend it to ye, till to-morrer. If any thing should happen though take special care of the hiver; I valley that more'n I do the inside, I tell you—an I say!—as you go along by the corner, if you see anything or Brigadier Sharley or Leftenant Page, or the rest o' the troop, tell 'em I'm safe—had a little skirmmage—nothin to speak of tho'—and I want they should keep a bright look out—there no knowin what'll turn up, afore mornin.—

To. Perhaps you would go with me sir?

Maj. B. Go with ye!—aint afeared are ye—thought ye ought to be above that, school-master as ye [illegible].

To. No sir—not exactly *afeared*, or I might prefer staying here.

Maj. B. What dye mean by that? hey! I'm here on duty sir!

To. (*Smiling*) And if, as the Poet says, The post of danger is the post of duty—why shouldn't the post of duty be the post of danger? hey?

Maj. B. Jest so!—Lord! what a knack you have at rememberin things!—I believe my soul, if any body was to squeeze your finger, the poetry'd run out a stiddy stream.—

To. Ha, ha, ha!—It has before now sir, without being squeezed.

Maj. B. Possible!—any *danger* hey?—guess you'd think there's danger when you come to read that letter—more spies than you could shake a stick at!—an as for countifeiters pooh—oo—ooh! wood full on em—an that aint all.—The chap that robbed Gen'ral Bong has been seed this very afternoon, skulking about this very neighborhood—no mistake, I tell ye—wears the same clothes now.—is them your teeth I hear chatterin?—(*Frightened.*)

To. No sir! not mine, certainly.

Maj. B. On the whole, since you're so pressing, I rather think I will go with you a leetle ways—

To. No no sir—excuse me—you're on duty, you know.

Maj. B. Don't mention it! Friendship to be preferred afore most any thing—[*Packs up*] *Pity to lose a youngster that's worked his way* [illegible] *College*, [illegible] to see through.—You may take my sword, an the pistols—if you can find 'em—needent be afraid—both on 'em's ben fired off *once* since they was loaded—I'll take the gun, if you please—you may go first; an if any thing happens, I want you should just squat down and let me take my rest on your shoulder—Oh Lord! what's that?

To. Where?

Maj. B. There! there!—I see somethin movin!

To. Poh—that's our shadows—the moon is just rising behind us you see.

Maj. B. I believe my soul you're right.

To. And if it were otherwise, there could be no possible danger here—unless they wanted to carry you off, Major.

Maj B. Good Lord! I never thought o' that!—maybe they do!—wont stay here another minnit!—How long doozt it take for the news to get over tother side?

To. Almost three months.—

Maj B. About three months!—three an three's six—Oh that's it!—you've jest hit it—I was over there last April.

To. Do you remember the day?

Maj B. The fust, I believe.

To. I dare say it was (*laughing*) the very day for such things!

Maj B. Wal, you see, the news has had just time to git there—they mean to have me, dead or alive!—what are ye stoppin for?—don't see anything, do ye?—a little faster! if you please.—An as for King George the Fourth, I wouldn't trust him furder an I could swing a bull by the tail—just of a piece with his father, an I aint forgot Old Col. Prescott an Ethan Allen—Ethan's a sort or uncle or mine, betwixt an between some how—both on em was run away with an carried off to England in the old Revolutionary war—faster, will ye!—a leetle faster if you please!

To. Ah!—but I do see something now! There it goes! (*Runs off in pursuit. Major Bob stands stock still, as if thunder-struck.*)

Maj Bob. Gawn, by gorry! If he aint, I wish I may be cut up into fish-an-potaters, an have my hide dyed for razor straps, an sent to King George—same as they did with Tecumseh's—Halloo!—who goes there! (*Voice heard afar off, singing—' Faster and faster come!—Faster, and Faster!'—*) There they come, sure enough! Oh it's all over with you now, Major Bob Smith—Jig's up!—You'll have to start off to England right away!—There they come! platoon after platoon!—rigiment after rigiment—I hear the trampling of horses!—Oh they mean to surround me—they're laying what they call an [illegible]—they mean to captivate me, without gevin' me a chance—(*bawls*) quarter! quarter!—(*voice approaching—and singing, Faster and faster come! faster and faster!*)—Oh, that's the commander-in-chief!—I hear the muttering on all sides of me!—I see the [illegible] [illegible]—(*Grows lighter—[illegible] up.*)—There they come!

Enter OUR EPHRAIM, (*singing through the woods*)—*Faster an' faster come!—Faster and faster!*—Halloo, who are you!

Maj. B. Quarter! quarter!—I [illegible] he takes aim of the sword of the Lord and of Gideon! (*[illegible] his rifle.*) Not another step, or I'll shoot ye to the earth! if I die for it—

Eph. So, I've treed ye at last, Major Bob, hey [illegible] What you doin' here?—what's that for?—[illegible] all over the country arter ye [illegible] speak to a feller?

Maj. B. (*Drops the rifle and appears [illegible]*) If that is the commander-in-chief—in a voice I've heard afore. (*Coming nearer.*) Goody Gracious [illegible] I believe my soul, its our Ephraim—taint possible though! why Ephy! is that you?

Eph. Wal—I rather guess it is—what are ye doin' of here, this time o' night?

Maj. B. (*[illegible]*—pitiable perplexity—[illegible]) [illegible]

[illegible]

you ben ? where'd ye come from ?—what dye want o' me? —awyin' to stay ?—what's the news ?—how's crops ?

Eph. Where's Liddy ?

Maj. B. Oh, ye aint forgot pore Liddy then, hey ?

Eph. Forget pore Liddy !—(*Emotion*)—She aint forgot me, I hope ?

Maj. B. Had'nt ye better ask her yourself ?—She aint far off.

Eph. Wal !—that's jest what I've come for. E'en amost tired to death, trapesin' arter her—good bye—see ye agin tomorrow.

Maj. B. Take yer meal with me ?

Eph. No—I dont like meal. (*Going.*)

Maj. B. Same old six-pence !—allers full o' yer jokes —Oh you need'nt go that way. She aint to home now— gone over to Uncle Jedediah's to spend the day.

Eph. (*Forgetting himself.*) God bless me! and I have been so near her !—But (*Recollecting himself again*) I mean to see her afore I do father—if it strangles me.

Maj. B. (*Retreating at the change of manner, and casting a look at his white hat—and in the course of the following dialogue, trying to get a sight of his boots, &c. &c.*) Lord-a-massy !

Eph. What's the matter now ?—what ails the major ?

Maj. B. (*Partially recovered by the voice.*) Oh, nothin—nothin at all—aint much altered our Ephy, air ye ?—Would'nt know Liddy ? you was to see her anywhere's else—pale as death—takes on dreadfurly sometimes, for days together—aint much of a quaker now—limpsey as a rag.

Eph. (With feeling) Cried all the stiffenin' out I spose?

Maj. B. If you find her at all to-night—you'll find her settin' up for somebody or 'nother.—Maybe its you she's expectin ?—(pause)—an' maybe taint ?

Eph. (*Forgetting himself again.*) To-night sir ! I must find her to-night—or never !

Maj. B. Mercy on us! why how you're altered !—just now I thought you want altered at all.—Looked as naitral as could be.

Eph. Any sparkin goin on, hey ?

Maj. B. Why ?—Master Toby, he's ben a shin'in up to her most a year now; but though he's a nice little feller, clear grit what there is of him, and smart as a steel-trap, he's nothin but a school master now, an' aint likely to be for one while; an' I could'nt find it in my heart to give him any encouragement; advised him to be a smellin' round somewhere else, till he promised to steddy law an' set up for himself—or go into partnership with a tin-pedlar —said he should'nt mind diggin clams at the halves, if he could be sure of his half o' the shells—had a putty good offer to grind bark above a month ago—told me so to-day.

Eph. Then what on airth doose he consent to keep a country school for, in New-England ?—But Liddy—what doose she say ?—She give him any encouragement?

Maj. B. Cant say how that is. Maybe she doose, an' maybe she don't ?—Looks miserable enough to be a courtin though, more'n half the time.

Eph. Left off eatin' an' drinkin' putty much altogether, I spose ? (*Looks at his watch.*) God of heaven !—if I should miss her—Major Smith! (*Great emotion—Major retreats and stands staring at his top-boots—which are exposed by the opening of the surtout—*) Tell her I must see her before I sleep !—it is a matter of life an death to me—if not to her ! (*The Major appears astonished at the change of manner—tries to get another peep at his underclothes.*) I shall be back as fast as my horse can carry me, if I dont find her at father's—

Maj. B. At *father's*, hey ?—(*suspiciously.*) Uncle Jehediah, I spose you mean ?

Eph. (*Going.*) Dead or alive she'll see me at the hour appynted—tell her so, will ye !

Maj. B. (*Stops him.*) Hoss! I think you said—what sort of a hoss!—hope taint a large bay ? (*Walking round him and eyeing him on all sides.*)

Eph. No, I got red o' him long ago.

Maj. B. (*Shaking his head.*) Oh Ephy! Ephy !—mind how you talk; dont let the cat out the bag, till you're bleege to. (*Bewildered*) I think I've seen them are clothes you've got on afore to-day—somewhere ?

To. To be sure ye have ! my freedom suit; wore 'em over to your house first day ? I had 'em on—to see Liddy Smith—five years ago this very day (*unbuttons the frock and swaggers about*)—look naitral to ye now, hey ?

Maj. B. (*Warily.*) Not much the wuss for wear tho' seems to me—guess you put 'em by for go-to-meetin' clothes, or train-in-days, or partiklar occasions *frind—Our Ephy* I should say—Don't go !—what's yer hurry ?—(*Ephraim goes.*) There he goes ! full split ! see the bottoms o' both feet 'twunce ! (*Thoughtfully playing with his rifle*) drab corderoys !—white beaver !—top boots !—yaller morocah tops ! (*Gradually getting his rifle up to his cheek*)—Fifty dollars reward ! ! (*Levels after him.*) Oh I cant spare that much to Elder Smith !—Shall I let drive or not ?—(*Rests the rifle*)—aint a mite risky *for me.*—His father !—Uncle Jehadiah his father !—Why then, plague on it '*tis* our Ephy ! an' I'd jest about as liv send a bullet through my wife's head—an' a leetle liv'ser, may be—sometimes. (*Drops the aim.*) Stop tho' !—let me cipher a leetle more on that sum, afore I giv it up—If that *is* our Ephy, an I b'lieve my soul it is; an' if its him they're arter—them air infarnal Varmounters !—they'll have him, if he's above ground—right or wrong—dead or alive !—An' if taint our Ephy—an' I should'nt like to swear it *is*—though I've know'd him ever sence he want more'n knee-high to a bumble-bee—what-say ! (*Jumping and looking about*)—somebody speak !—Lord-a-massy on me tho ! Ephy or no Ephy, he had'nt ought ter be allowed to stay long our Liddy, teh everything's cleared up —*What say* ! (*Frightened.*) That's the second time ! —I'll streak it, by faith !—would'nt stay here another minnit for anything't could be mentioned. (*Hobbles off —with his sash dragging and scabbard clattering at his heels, and rifle, at present!*)

END OF ACT II. SCENE II.

[From the Petit Courrier des Dames.]

TAKING THE BLACK VEIL.

TRANSLATED FOR THE GALAXY.

It was at the Convent ——. The sisters hurried to and fro with more vivacity than their wont; the boarders were arrayed in their holiday attire, and each appeared happy in preparing to witness an imposing ceremony. I, alone, saw with profound regret, the preparations for a melancholy sacrifice.

Blanche d'Angely! Methinks thou art still before me; beautiful, but pale and fragile as a tender flower upon whose growth a ray of the sun never smiled. Thou seemest an angel, spared to earth—an angel whose thoughts are only upon flowery paths and happiness unalloyed.

She sat in my apartment, awaiting the hour appointed for the ceremony. Her countenance was expressive of holy —nay almost proud resignation. Up to that moment not a complaint had escaped her lips—not a word betraying her feelings. I had learned to understand her silence;— Blanche was suffering from deep, but secret grief. She took my hand in hers, and smiled bitterly as she said, 'I shall be happy, shall I not?' A moment after,—'If I remained in the world, I might become giddy and foolish; like the young people whose gaiety has this day given me so much pain. Oh that it would be still!' she ejaculated [illegible]—pressing her hand upon her heart, as if she would still its beating. Her head sunk on her bosom.

Some moments passed. 'I have a horror,' she cried, raising her head and looking earnestly in my face, 'I dread, dread this slow—calm—still life. No subject for thought but God, and the memory of the past! And oh, when retrospection is fraught with bitter recollections, when God has placed you upon earth only to suffer, it is a cold prayer, my sister, which one addresses to him, and melancholy is the consolation received in answer to such a prayer.'

I pity that anguished soul.

'Is it that you also have loved?' said she—'Oh no! you know not what it is to love—to be loved—and to be no [illegible]'—She was called to the parlor to bid her friends a last adieu. She resumed her habitual calmness of countenance [illegible] casting a look to heaven, as if for support during the interview, [illegible].

The bell called the faithful—a crowd of men and women [illegible] in the chapel. Placed near Blanche, I could again press her hand. She knelt, insensible to surrounding objects [illegible]. And when they placed [illegible] and her in the coffin, and the black drapery was spread [illegible], when she could see nothing—hear nothing but the beating of her own heart; the dead silence was broken by the priests and sisters, who chanted the appropriate dirge in a low, slow and melancholy as the last accents of the dying. The music ceased—the Lady Superior raised the pall and took the hand of the virgin. It was icy cold, and respiration had almost ceased. There was a crowding to the grate—each wished to see the dying devotee, and the tomb in which she still laid. Others fled the melancholy scene. The gates of the church were closed, and its vaulted roof echoed only the groans of the horror stricken spectators. They have taken her from the coffin and removed the bands from her pale forehead. She moves! They turn her countenance toward the altar. A sudden and piercing shriek—the outbreaking of feelings long concealed, bursts from the lips of the devoted girl—to the amazement of the priests and attendants. Her arms are extended towards the altar. Upon its steps, kneeling as if in silent prayer, his eyes raised to heaven, and his hands clasped upon his breast, is a young man in the sable habiliments of the church. That man is he who had refused and forgotten the love of Blanche d'Angely! W.

[COMMUNICATED.]

ONCE MORE.

Messrs Editors—I am sorry that I for one, have caused you trouble, and filled a space in the columns of your paper which I fear you would have preferred should have been occupied with something more interesting to your readers. You say that those who discuss the merits of the Oratorios of the Academy, 'must study brevity'—you evidently consider our differences as very trifling; therefore, I who would have replied to Regit, and in a candid and fair manner, convinced *him*, if I could, that Oratorios, like those of the *Choir of the Academy*, with merely an *Organ* accompaniment, are very much like what Professor Mason himself has styled them, *burlesque*, and that to say so, evinces no ill will, and should not be deemed unkind or the result of prejudice and hatred, must e'en content myself with what I have already written, on that subject. I rejoice that other and abler pens than mine, will do justice to Mr Mason's Academy, his Oratorios, and to the public.

I sincerely thank you, Messrs Editors, for the privilege you heretofore granted me of expressing very *briefly* my view of one of the Oratorios of the Academy and only desire to say a *few* words by way of explanation. In a former communication, I stated a *fact*, that the Handel and Haydn Society were engaged in publishing the new Oratorio of David, this information I had from the President and several of the Trustees of the Handel and Haydn Society; who told me that Mr Mason had offered to let them have a copy of the work to print from, and they said he had agreed to receive for his English copy, one of the edition to be published by the Society. I was much surprised to see the assertions of Vernon and of Regit, afterwards, that the H. & H. Society had not the work, and that Mr Mason had it still in his possession. Now for an explanation,—I have been informed *within a day or two*, that Mr Mason (after the Society had agreed to his proposition to take, print, and publish the Oratorio, agreeably to his own voluntary offer) declined delivering it, saying he wished to retain the Book, but would give the Society leave to copy the same, for the use of their printers. This onerous task the Society have undertaken, and have made considerable progress therein. Neukomm's Accompaniments for an Orchestra have been ordered from England, and will soon arrive, and the whole Oratorio will be performed by the Society early next season, and the Handel and Haydn Society edition of that *splendid Oratorio* will be for sale.

In conclusion, I have to say to Regit, that I have examined no Latin, Greek or Hebrew Dictionaries in order to get at the meaning of his signature, and if Regit likes not my translation, he may furnish a correct one himself, and I shall give myself but little trouble about his signature or any strictures, to which he may append it. To Regit's *very civil* inquiry whether *I* have seen that most beautiful word '*Etircopyh*'—I answer, affirmatively. On looking into the second edition of *Zeuner's American Harp*, an Original collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes and Anthems, a work I much admire, and which I was happy to see, had so soon reached a second enlarged edition, I discovered *Etircopyh*; wishing to find a favorite tune which in the first edition I had known under the title of L. Mason, I looked to the index of the 2d for it, and found the page, turned to it, and saw in lieu of L. Mason, 'that most beautiful' and newly coined word *Etircopyh* I said to a friend here is something strange, is it German? He looked at it and said it was Greek, *he* believed, I told him I did not think it either beautiful or appropriate. I have heard that the learned friends of a certain Musical Professor have interpreted the beautiful *word*, by transposing the letters which compose it, and have affected to believe that there was design in locating 'that most beautiful word' over the tune *originally* called L. Mason. I have heard said that on its first appearance, they were as urgent for its *obliteration* and to have it *expunged* as ever Col Benton was for the expurgation of certain obnoxious resolutions, from the Journal of the Senate of the U. S. I fear the Colonel will not so soon or *so easily* accomplish *his* purpose, as the gentlemen will theirs, who waited on the obliging publishers of the Harp, and urged them to 'blot the memory' of *Etircopyh* from the pages of that book. By reference to the Harp the curious will perceive L. Mason changed to *Etircopyh*, and the latter *obscured* (not expunged) by the scriptural word Mason being pasted over its *beautiful* face! If what Regit calls a '*most beautiful word*,' is really *not so*, and is, as I think, not in good taste, I cannot help remarking, there is another work, the *Choir I mean*, which might be improved by leaving out '*Nid Noddin*' and other *amatory-christianized* Songs, Waltzes, Operas, Marches, &c. Q.

[Communicated.]

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

The last Oratorio of this veteran Institution took place at Boylston Hall last Sunday evening. The advantages resulting from the dissemination of a correct taste in private, as well as a professional life cannot be questioned. In this useful nursery, talent meets with encouragement and merit is rewarded. If there has been occasional instances, when a want of patronage has been experienced, it is conclusively evident that such discrepance was more owing to a deficiency in genius and practice, than to any unwillingness on the part of the public to award the meed of excellence, or perhaps it is nearer the truth to acknowledge, that improvement has taken place on both sides—and that both the candidates for approbation and the bestowers of applause and reward, have mutually improved each other, so that taste, science and execution have proceeded hand in hand.

A repetition of the last performance, with an additional selection from Neukomm's Oratorio of David, *performed as its author originally intended, with full orchestral accompaniments*, would be highly gratifying to the lovers of refined and classical music, and would doubtless command another crowded audience at Boylston Hall. ***

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1835.

HEADS AND POINTS—No IV.

How goes *Canton Stock*? How is it with the gold mines of the South?—Nay, how is it with the *Mar Estate*, that best joke of the whole by a thousand to one. *Why Sir!* said a well-informed, sober-minded man to ourself the other day. Why sir!—the Earl of Mar died worth millions— two or three hundred millions—they are now—the heirs are obliged to sell out, and are willing to *let go for* 1200 dollars a share. Dog cheap, hey?

Exactly, said we—*dog cheap*.

I have just come from Fore-street, where a share was subscribed off, at forty dollars a head in less than half an hour—what d'ye say?

Say!—why I say I'll have nothing to do with it.

Lord! how like you that is!—What are your reasons?— There's the property—here's the family—an agent has gone out you know.

Yes, and when did he go? If there were no other reason on earth, that alone would satisfy me that there was something not to be meddled with in this Mar speculation. The agent has been gone long enough for the heirs to have heard from him over and over again, and yet they are willing out for *fourteen hundred dollars a share!* And what is yet more wonderful, they find others foolish enough to buy! Pho, pho man!—There never lived, and there certainly never died a Scotch nobleman, worth a quarter of the money, the Earl of Mar is said to have left.

Pshaw!

What is that for?

Worth as much as your peh, pah! hey?

No—not half as much; wouldn't mind *trading* it though at the same price—what say you?

There you go again!—Nobody ever knows when you are serious. Why cant you tell me, at a word, why you dont risk forty dollars, upon a chance here.

Well then, at a word, I don't gamble. I'd as lief buy forty dollars worth of lottery tickets—and a little [illegible] as we say, for there I should be certain of at least a chance.

But here!—why sounds, how do you know there is any relationship after all between the *Mars* of our neighborhood, who claim to be heirs of the Earl of Mar, and the Earl of Mar himself?—And if there is, how is it going to be proved?

Proved!—How is it going to be proved? Why, Squire Aubin—(the U. S. District Attorney and [illegible]) sent a coat of *Arms* belonging to the family!

Capital!—there are no more to be said. By [illegible] didn't happen to know that [illegible] may have the coat of arms of [illegible] on the earth, as the [illegible] London—that of the Goths, [illegible] of his blood.

Well, [illegible] all we could say—though [illegible] upon the difficulty of establishing the claim at law or in equity, and before the House of Lords, the [illegible] having [illegible]; and the little fever that was likely to [illegible] parchments [illegible]; though we could not conceive how the *identity* of the Portsmouth Mar was to be shown at this late day, there being no letters [illegible] same, nor other like proof. Still we could not [illegible] good neighbor to act with common prudence or, [illegible] well out with it—common sense. Lotteries being done with, and the buying of lottery tickets rather discredited in the place, how can they indulge their appetite for gambling but in some such way as this? So they *bought* in; and now comes the intelligence that the Earl of Mar left no heirs!—that his family name was *Erskine* and not Mar— and today they would like to *sell out*, head first, but [illegible] day nobody would give a sixpence for the whole Mar estate. So much *for speculation without knowledge!* So we [illegible] for buying because others have bought—lawyers and merchants!

As it was in the beginning, so is it now. As with the gold region—the Canton Stock—and the *Mar* estate, so will it be—so must it be with timber-lands. Get your fingers out of the trap—therefore, as soon as you get a chance —your hand out of the lion's mouth when you find him looking another way. That's our advice! The time is not far off, when the proprietors of much of this very land will have to give every one half, to make a man take the other. N.

CHINA.

Next to the Turks, the Chinese are the most abused people upon earth—we mean by Geographers, Historians and Travellers. Professor Rafinesque of Philadelphia, in the May number of the Knickerbocker, has given the readers of that periodical an interesting paper upon that singular people. The Professor classes writers upon China as follows: 1. The impartial friends of China, who try to know the truth. 2. Those who praise the Chinese above all other nations. 3. The revilers, or those who wish to depreciate or neglect their history, learning, religion, customs, etc. "Whenever we read a work upon China, we should ascertain to what opinion the writer leans, in order to beware of those who overpraise, or despise the Chinese nations." Taking Professor Rafinesque at his word, we feel inclined to class him No. 2:—but any favor to the celestial empire is a feeling so rare, that it is the last fault in writers, at which we would cavil.

'*The freedom of the press has never been impaired in China nor Japan*, while it is yet doubtful in many parts of Europe. *The effectual restraint on its abuse is provided by making the printer, seller, and reader of libels, liable to the bastinado.*' We have marked parts of the above in italics, because we conceive it conveys a paradox, to say the least, if not a direct contradiction. For our own part, if we felt an inclination to-day to libel the Professor, he would be rather more secure from attack, if a law existed making us liable to a public flagellation, than if the penalty were only fine and imprisonment. A jail may be rendered quite tolerable by a little exercise of the imagination, and a fine would soon be reimbursed by the patronage of the lovers of scandal,—but in China, not even patronage is allowed to be given in compensation for a lacerated skin. The *reader* as well as the *printer* exposes himself to the tender mercies of the thong. We take it, some of our politicians would have to look at the heads of the articles in the respective newspaper organs of the parties, before they ventured to permit themselves to become absorbed in the printed villifications of our public men—on both sides; if a gentle touch from an experienced whip hand might legally awake them from their banquet on the high seasoned things of the political press. How awkward it would be while saying internally, 'Isaac Hill, or Judge White, or Henry Clay, must smart under that,' to feel externally the first application of the summary punishment for being caught in the very act of enjoying a libel.

Barrow says there are no drunkards in China, among 300 millions of human beings—but if Barrow mentions the extent of the consumption of opium in the Celestial Empire, Rafinesque has forgotten to quote that part of the story, while recording the evidence of Temperance in Alcohol, in their favor.—' There (in China) we find no undutiful children, no fighting boys, no youthful candidates for the gallows, no stubborn scholars, no rebellions in schools and colleges, no disrespect to teachers' !—' The paternal and school influence in China is similar to that of the Romans and Hindoos—perhaps excessive—but salutary and wise.'—Giving of course, the parent power over the life of his offspring. Such a discipline *may* answer in China—but it would hardly do here, unless some equally direct control were had over the parents. We doubt whether even universal obedience and submission on the part of children, would be considered reasonably purchased by the decimation of the youths throughout our land, though the sacrifice were made by parents.

Japan, which is an old Chinese colony, is described as a perfect paradise—for those who can live without excitement, for the mere animal pleasure of *living*. 'The laws are strict, unviolated, and conducive to social happiness.— Japan has no wars, no diplomacy, no parties, no distress, no discontent, no strife, no discord, no lawyers, no lawsuits, no dearth, no emigration, no need of foreign commerce, no corporations, no monopolies, no slavery, no intolerance (except against the intolerant christians,) no intemperance, no grogshops, no throne, no crown, no royal foppery, no waste lands, no cavalry, no wheel carriages, no officers unfit for their office, no public debt, no paper currency, and no taxes.' Whe-e-e-w! give us a chance for a long breath after that catalogue of negative comforts.— Cannot an arrangement be made, through the Dutch, or the Chinese for the immediate exportation to the Japanese territory of some of our Agrarian reformers and advocates for equality ? To be sure there are no waste lands to assign to them—but that would be no vexation. Such persons as we would export would rather be without lands than with—lands require culture, culture requires labor,—and labor—that is out of the question. Reform contemplates the abolition of all labor, till the whole human race shall have the world parcelled out to them in lots and then the labor of each man, four hours per day, would provide him the bare necessaries of life. More than that is superfluous and aristocratic. Seriously, such a state of society as that described as Japanese, would come very near our Social definition of perfect misery,—' every desire and every wish gratified, and nothing to hope.' It is evidently a picture of the imagination, worthy of Robert Dale Owen, but, as Professor Rafinesque says of some of the portions of the traducers of China, 'truly ridiculous, and hardly deserving of notice.'

Many important facts are preserved and recapitulated, and some errors exposed. Upon errors generally, the writer has some very excellent remarks. 'The credits are the remnants of their errors as the superstitious vulgar. Even in matters of fact, where there ought to be no uncertainty, ascertained truths are denied, or discredited, if they contradict previously received opinions. Some learned men cannot be convinced: they appear to wonder on, and waver between religious credulity, and proud incredulity.' Any person of observation, must admit the justice of the above —the opposition to any new doctrine, discovery, or theory, is always most obstinate on the part of those who have spent a life in acquiring knowledge which [illegible] to discredit. They are unwilling to admit that their time and industry has been thrown away, and therefore [illegible] against it, that the [illegible].

Professor Rafinesque says that the singular [illegible].

[illegible] Books upon all subjects in China, are said to be more numerous than those of all Europe put together—their more [illegible] 120,000 volumes. The Chinese grammar is [illegible]. Mr Neuma, a learned German, acquired the written language in six months.

Almost the only European inventions borrowed by the Chinese, are glass, clocks, watches, vaccination, and astronomical calculations—and even these they claim as [illegible] of their own. The use of tobacco was known among them before the discovery of America. Gunpowder has been used among them from time immemorial. The compass, block-printing, silk, China ware, paper, and other useful arts and inventions are claimed as Chinese.— The compass is said to have been known to them 1100 years ago.

But we have drawn enough from Professor Rafinesque, and refer the reader to the article itself, in the Knickerbocker. Much of it is a mere recapitulation of what every body has before read; but the claims of this singular people to priority, have hitherto been treated as absurd.— Examination of their actual character and printed books, will command for these pretensions more respect. We believe there is an inexhaustible mine yet to be explored, in the literary treasures of the East. W.

THE PENOBSCOT FREEMAN. This clever and independent paper seems determined to have a set-to with us: and really, though not much given to fisti-cuffs [illegible] old age, we have half a mind to say yes—and let fly. It is but a week or two ago they called our senior-editor an old man —and now, they say he is mad—mad as a March hare— and worse yet, they refer to Snelling's Poetry (so called), in proof—the *Gift to Scribblers*, we mean—perhaps the *Penobscot Freeman* had a presentation copy. There are limits to human patience—we have heard so at any rate— and therefore, but no!—the Bangor paper is really a smart affair, and we wont rap it o' the coxcomb yet a while.— What our senior—that is ourself—said of revivals, he said upon the ground that those who are getting them up now, are the very people who denounced them as with the voice of trumpets, when they were the spontaneous growth of Methodism. What we complain of is—not that there is too much, but too little Religion, throughout our land.— Sectarianism flourishes to be sure—and of that we did, do, and always hope to complain. *Revivals* flourish too—or did but the other day. But we have no faith in their sincerity, their heavenliness or their continuation. In other words, we don't believe in night-caps. Revivals are not worth a straw when they are something more than *revivals*. What say the churches themselves? They complain most bitterly of their seceders and backsliders; the sluggishness and the apathy, and the frightful desolation of Sion, so immediately following the special outpourings of Divine favor. Is this true?—If so, it confirms our notions of the matter; *Revivals* are *paroxysms*. They are the *crises*. They cannot last *as* Revivals. And therefore it is that we have no faith in their progress or continuation; and as little in the judgment or sincerity of those who pretend to undergo a total and *instantaneous* transformation of character,——in other words to be converted with a jerk. N.

NONSENSE. There are not a few people in the world who seem determined to look at the gloomy side of every thing—who cannot enjoy a day of bright sunshine, but mar it by lamenting that there must be storms. An old lady of our acquaintance (she says she is *not* old, but we know better) fretted during the whole day last Wednesday, the first warm day of the season; when the genial air had waked every thing and everybody else into cheerfulness,— because she feared the afternoon or evening must bring a thunderstorm. But the weather is not exactly what we meant to talk about when we commenced the paragraph.— We have noticed lately an increasing disposition among magazine writers to treat every thing in a lachrymose manner—as if the principal purpose for which the eyes were created, is to weep withal. In a late popular English novel, a wedding is described as though it were the worst possible event which could happen to the parties, and over the bride in particular, a page is read gloomy enough for a funeral oration. What a plague do people get married for, if it is such a melancholy merry-making ? We have not read the book and will not—for this very extract. Then there is an extract from Tait's Magazine, in metre, to the same purport, travelling the newspaper rounds;—it should have been adapted to the tune 'Let us all be unhappy together !' Every thing, now-a-days must be seen darkly, through a tear-dimmed pair of spectacles, or else it is 'gross-trash' and no-go. For one we shall have our tears till we have need of them. W.

NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS.

PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. No I. Published monthly by G. G. Foster: Utica, New-York—price *five dollars* a year in advance.

There is no knowing what we might have been tempted to say of the original matter in the work, or of the work itself, had we not encountered upon the last page, a magnificent and we believe sincere eulogium on our senior-editor, by—we know not whom. What are we to do in such a case?—Are we to be *unjust* and neglectful, afraid to speak the truth, lest we may be charged with partiality?— Are these things *bribes*—or only *gratifications*? You know the distinction reader! Or shall we do what that celebrated English Judge did, when receiving a present from one of the parties in a cause about to be tried before him—*returned it*—and after all had the magnanimity to decide in favor of the same party?—Or better still—may we not do as another English Judge did. On the morning of trial, a porter called at his Lordship's gate with a present of cut glass decanters from one of the suitors before him. His Lordship taking the thing all in good part, ordered his butler to fill them with his costliest wine and send them back?—Here's a case in point for ye.—How perfectly just, hey? or as we say here, among the Down-Easters, how it *pays!* Well then—*The Phrenological Magazine and New-York Literary Review*, is an exceedingly clever, spirited, and courageous affair. There are warmth—eloquence—poetry—(and not a little extravagance we are bound to say, just to keep up appearances) in every page of it. The selections are good, well-fitted to advance the study of the Science; and the original matter *first chop*. There!—we have sent back the bottles filled with the best our cellar affords—our *garret* we should say, for it is there we keep our best wine. N.

FANNY KEMBLE IN AMERICA: or the Journal of an Actress reviewed. With Remarks on the State of Society in America and England. By an English Lady, *four years* resident in the United States. Boston, Light & Horton, pp 48.

We suppose we are in duty bound to be very grateful to the English lady who has thus volunteered to shield an devoted American from Fanny's pen;—but we must confess that our admiration of the wisdom of the author of the review in concealing her name, far exceeds our gratitude for [illegible] which she thinks she has rendered. Whatever Fanny may be, her reviewer is evidently all [illegible] to the book-making trade—else she would not have ventured to [illegible] with a title page, a quantity of matter, which would hardly be admitted into the columns of a [illegible] newspaper. The next edition of the Journal is already [illegible] to the trunk makers, and the review must [illegible]. W.

KNICKERBOCKER for May. Contents. The Chinese [illegible] and Languages, by Professor Rafinesque. [illegible] Time, by Miss Mary Ann Browne. American Literature, No 2. 'Thy will be done.' A Foot Excursion in Tuscany. To the Pyramids. Richard III. Mount Auburn, by Miss E. F. Ellet. English Caricatures, by T. Flint. Lines written on the blank leaf of a Bible. The Pilgrims, by McLellan. Twenn Contarina. Stanzas. The Times, by the author of 'Our own Country.' The Power of Song, by Percival. Excerpts, No 10. The Passions, by Grenville Mellen. Olapodiana, No 2. A Tragical Tragedy. Music. Literary Notices. Editors Table. Agents, Colman, Ticknor, and Brenders, in this city.

UNCLE PHILIP'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK. Harper & Brothers. Uncle Philip is certainly a very garrulous old gentleman, and thus far no great harm has been done; perhaps we ought to say, no little good, for such certainly is the opinion of the enlightened multitude. But we judge for ourselves, and not having read over a page in anything but the History of New York, we have no opinion of the rest of Uncle Philips doings. This we should recommend. N.

SUNDAY MORNING NEWS. Samuel Jenks Smith has commenced in New York, the publication of a weekly sheet under the above title. The first number, notwithstanding the disadvantageous circumstances always attendant upon the first appearance of a periodical, is highly creditable to the publisher—the sheet is large and well filled— though rather heavy—a fault which will be remedied after a week or two; and the mechanical execution is very neat. W.

'ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST.' Whenever we meet with this New-England tavern sign we are half inclined to run off with it, and have it set up over the door of some printing establishments we could mention.— What a capital motto for many a newspaper of our country—to say nothing of grog-shops. N.

ROMPS. There is an anonymous paragraph now in newspaper circulation, which is probably the production of some discarded lady's man, who having attempted the affection of some young lady of more wit than affectation, and more vivacity than becomes a Lydia Languish, was dismissed.— In the bitterness of his spirit, he says that a romp is generally 'a good natured sort of a girl, with little mind, and far less taste'—that she 'does not understand wit or fancy' —that 'when she is grave, she is a fool, because romps have little intellect'—that in the city 'she is a great talker of scandal'—and that 'her manners are the fondling of a bear,' etc etc. If by any chance, a lively girl ever condescended to flirt with the surly blockhead from whom we have quoted above, we must acknowledge that while she was noticing him, she was 'fondling a bear,' sure enough.

We have dodged the paragraph every day for a month, as not a day has passed that we have not met it in one or more of our exchanges. Certain puissant members of the corps editorial, seem to delight in any opportunity to give a libel upon women currency—they go as far out their way for the purpose, as John Randolph would to kick a sheep; for the reason that they conceive the ladies as incapable of defending themselves from such attacks, as those four-footed innocents. We have in our own mind classed all who have endorsed the paragraph above mentioned, as hen-pecked husbands, if married—if unmarried as among the 'rejected.'

OUR SENIOR EDITOR. How people differ! With the Bangor folks our Senior Editor is an '*old man*'!— With the New-Hampshire literati, a personage who mustn't be allowed to speak of literature, having a '*genius*,' not exactly for the '*drawing of beer*'—but for flip-flaps and somersets; being as they believe, neither more nor less than a very active ground and lofty tumbler! able to snap his feet like a horse-whip or throw a back-somerset over a one-story house. We haven't the papers handy or we might be malicious enough to quote from both. N.

NASHUA VILLAGE is one of the pleasantest spots in the Granite state. There are not a few romantic spots in the natural scenery—and many of the buildings are in the neatest style of architecture for the country—light and airy.— The situation of the Unitarian Church, in particular commends itself to the attention and remembrance of the traveller. It is severely neat and plain, and is partially concealed from the main street by a grove of trees, by which it is surrounded. There are something like half a dozen [illegible] in the village—three or four places of worship, two bookstores, three hotels, and about a dozen dry goods stores. In the town are published two Newspapers, one of which, the New Hampshire Telegraph, is edited and published by Mr Alfred Beard, formerly of the Middlesex Telegraph, published in Lowell. It is a large, well printed and well conducted sheet, has a good advertising patronage, and offers an excellent means of circulation for the advertisements of those cits who wish to be known in New Hampshire. W.

INDECENT PICTURES. We learn that the delicate prints, seized last year, and on account of which several prosecutions took place, were burned last week by the Sheriff. A curious friend of ours wished to know if there were among them any prints labelled 'Provisions for the Convent'? He would also inquire whether 'The Committee' have happened within a month to notice the prints in a window in Cornhill, a few doors below Franklin Avenue. W.

A CHANCE TO BE GENEROUS. A meeting of citizens resident in the northern section of the city held on Tuesday evening, appointed a committee to ascertain the amount of suffering occasioned by the fire on Monday. That committee reported that they have found thirty-five destitute families, beside many individuals who have claims upon the charity of their fellow citizens. Alderman Gurney is Treasurer of Alms, and donations of clothing, bedding, groceries, may be sent to the two story brick store, south side Blackstone, two doors from Hanover street. W.

CHEESE PARINGS.

SELF-CONFIDENCE. If you begin with energy the world will take you upon trust, nor ever give you up till you prove yourself unworthy. If you begin with self-distrust, they wait for you to prove yourself *worthy*.

LAWYERS, &c. Warburton was an attorney, a wine-merchant in the Borough, and the orator of a debating club. Tom Moore was actually called to the bar in London—wrote his imitations of Anacreon there and his lachrymose lines while undergoing the preliminary studies of the law. Arthur Murphy was a lawyer—see clubs of London, Beef-Steak Club. Blackstone, besides writing poetry before he was called to the bar, undertook to investigate the cause of quarrel between Pope and Addison—Judge Blackstone figuring his way through a wilderness of daisies and buttercups! The paper appears in Dr Kipp's Biographia Britannica. He describes the author as 'a gentleman of considerable rank to whom the public is obliged for works of much higher importance.' Washington Irving too, he prepared himself for the bar, and made one speech at a mock trial aboard a steamboat—his first and last we believe. Henry Neale practised as a Solicitor in Great Bloomsbury street. Barry Cornwall is a Solicitor.

JACOB, THAT 'BLUNDERBUSS OF LAW.' 'Is it not a little mortifying to observe,' says d'Israeli, while speaking of the prices paid by Bernard Lintot, the famous bookseller of Pope's time, 'that among all these customers of genius whose names enrich the leger of the bookseller, Jacob, that blunderbuss of law, while his law-books occupy as much as Mr Pope's works, the amount of his account stands next in value and far beyond any name which has immortalized itself.' Pope received £4244, 8s. 7d. about $20,000.

WALTER SCOTT. Borrowed his name of Dryasdust from Stubbs the great adversary of the Royal Society in its commencement, who speaks of that inquisitive person [illegible] Dryasdust Toxoffacan. Legends no Histories, page 5. by Stubbs.

MATURIN'S BERTRAM. Maturin *first* made Bertram do the deed at the instigation of the 'dark Knight of the forest,' a supernatural being, altered it to please Byron.— The original passage may be found in the Edinburgh Review. The play was rejected by the Dublin managers, and lay forgotten by the author for two years. The plot is said to have been derived partly from *Isabella* and partly from *Percy*, Hannah More's play. So are *De Montfort* and the *Iron Chest*, says a writer in the Monthly. But [illegible] to the former. And the latter, as every body knows, came out of Godwin's *Caleb Williams*. *Manuel*, was written by Maturin to please Kean, for *Lear* could not be played [illegible]—George the III. being mad.

GODWIN. The author of Political Justice, a great stickler for what he calls liberty, and a prodigious [illegible] of the existing law; builds the whole superstructure of Caleb Williams upon the grossest error of law. The man whose character is so wonderfully conceived and supplied throughout is *tried for his life, and acquitted*, and then, years and years afterward, is put to answer for the same charge before a magistrate, upon the ground of new *evidence!* But wonderful as this man may appear, it is not half so wonderful in itself, as the fact that it has never been mentioned by those who have been battling with the celebrated author for years, on the subject of Law, Political Justice, and his late History of the Commonwealth.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS HERE. In England people write every day in favor of Republics—and nobody cares for them. What would be thought here of a writer in favor of a monarchy?

ORIGIN OF [illegible] SUPERSTITION. The Egyptians were said at a certain time to transform themselves into wolves and again to assume the human shape. Herod. B. IV. The Irish have the same belief respecting a part of their own people; and the French—the *Loups Garoux* are neither more nor less than the same sort of [illegible]. The newly discovered Americans about Nootka Sound disguise themselves in dresses made of the skins of wolves and other wild beasts, *and wear even the heads fitted to their own*. These habits they use in the field to circumvent the animals of the field. Godman had this from Pennant and others. Catlin, whose portraits of the Indians would make his fortune in the old world, and establish for him undying renown, gives many examples of this habit from life.— Most of his chieftains and other dignitaries are tricked out with feathers or horns.

L-A-W—LAW! There's an old story of two Dutchmen who went to law about a dog, which belonged to one and was killed by the other. Judge *spoke* with the defendant who said—To be sure I kill him, but let him go—The Judge turned to the plaintiff and asked what the dog was worth. He wash worth nothing, [illegible] so mean as to gill him, he shall pay the whole [illegible]. And this was a fact! a fact, which occurs every day in the year. And why?—for want of power to command justice.

CHILDREN. There goes a little fellow [illegible] who *can* talk, but is too lazy. To-day he came up to his mother in the kitchen, and thrusting out his tongue very far and slapping his leg with his hand at the same time very earnestly tried to make her understand him as usual without speech. After a long while the mother, happening to look under the stove, saw the cat *licking her leg*, and Charles imitating her somehow.

FORTITUDE. A girl in the pangs of child-birth was called upon to *give up the father or die!* I'll rather die, was the *answer*. She fainted—so have multitudes—we knew one *professionally*,—and she had a very dangerous time of it, as they refused to help her on any other conditions, and she believed them, but she persisted nevertheless. What man could do this?

YANKEEISMS. A *likely* man, a *likely* woman, is pure Irish—and yet never English. In Ireland to this day, the protestant clergy are called *ministhers*: in Scotland *moderators* are known. Miss Edgeworth in her tales for children; uses *longing* and that phrase *to let on*, which is so common at Baltimore, and which *Mrs* Sedgwick supposes to be Yankee.

WOMEN. Women are not satisfied with having their own way. They want ours too.

INFLUENCE. No one is without his influence. Every atom in the Universe hath its influence upon every other atom.

AMBIGUITY. I don't care about writing that all over again. As employed in *New*-England, this means I don't care—I would rather not write it all over again. Is swallowed that all up—*or down?* Don't lose any more than you *can help*; means any more than you cannot help. He has renewed his *age*—meaning he has renewed his *youth*. It is of the *last* importance—meaning of the first importance.

DEATH. Suppose we could see the continued procession of all that die on Earth marching to their graves— so many die every moment—so many every hour.—If it were but one long line of individuals—a single file—an overpowering exhibition it would be. *Yet we* [illegible] every hour. [illegible] this very procession! They are going the same road. It is not possible for a loiterer to keep his place, or a deserter to drop in the rear. As with deaths so with births. What a subject for a poem—or a sermon! R.

STRAWS.

FORREST. The New York Mirror publishes a letter from Forrest, rather a good thing (the Mirror is in the habit of publishing such,) in the way of an epistolary. It has just enough looseness of expression to stamp it genuine. Forrest will gain everything by his tour, and return better than ever deserving the partiality of his countrymen —of which no small degree *has been*, mind, we do not say *is*, necessary to excuse some of his faults.

COAT TAILS NOT AT HOME. A correspondent of one of the newspapers, in a letter written on board the Frigate Constitution, complains that in stooping he tripped by stepping on his coat tails. 'Tis his first trip—and he will learn that "swallow tails,' though a very good guide through the air, are no aid to locomotion on shipboard.

TWO SIDES. We saw somewhere lately an allusion to the old story of the black and white shield—and wonder that it is not oftener quoted. If we remember, it ran thus:—Two knights meeting at a cross road, where stood a figure in armor, courteously saluted each other. One then spoke of the shield as white, the other insisted it was black. Thus fairly at issue, the lie direct being given and retorted, they essayed to see the truth through each other's bodies; and after they had fallen, spent, a passenger came up who enquired the cause of the quarrel. Upon being informed, he healed their wounded *honor*, by giving them the agreeable information that the shield was white on one side, and black on the other;—but their bones were not healed so easily. What a deal of blows might be saved, if people would oftener stop to look at both sides!

THE BRONZE HORSE. Scribe, the Parisian Playwright, has dramatised the story of the Bronze Horse, in the Arabian Nights—that is to say he has borrowed the idea of a flying horse, and an enchanted palace, but made incidents to suit himself. In the original, when the horse alights and the rider dismounts, the aerial beast whisks out an eye with a whisk of his tail—but as Scribe could find no corps dramatique the members of which were willing to lose an eye [illegible], in the opera, that part of the story is omitted in the representation.

WATER. 'Drowning men catch at straws' is a proverb of almost universal application. One of the advocates for the measure of providing the city plentifully with water, has been unreasonable enough within the week, to insist that the destruction of property to the amount of $100,000 to $150,000, is an additional reason why the city should move in the matter. As it happened to be high tide when the fire broke out—it may happen so again—if fires occur by accident, it is sound logic that we should trust to accident for the means of extinguishing them.

DARK DAY. The Transcript of Wednesday, says it was fifty years yesterday, since the famous *Dark Day*. So they said on the 20th of May 1830, friend Walter.

PEACHES. A correspondent of Noah's Evening Star, says he has tasted ripe peaches, this season, from a garden at Hell Gate. They ought to ripen there, if any where, but there might be some objection to the flavor.

SCENE AT A BIBLE SOCIETY'S ROOMS. You want a Bible, friend, that you have not a Bible? Yes sir. And you have not the means to purchase one? No sir. The applicant is furnished, turns the Bible over and examines it with a look of dissatisfaction:—Oh hang it, give us a good'un won't ye, the last one I got wouldn't fetch fifty cents! W.

TEXAS. A person has lately returned to this county from Texas, who left some five or six months ago to avoid a trial for his life, under the charge of *murder*. On his return he affirmed he would *rather be hung* than to live in Texas:—he gave himself up to the officers of Justice, was tried at the late term of our circuit court, and honorably acquitted. From this it would appear that Texas is not quite such a paradise as many of our citizens imagine.—*Mississippi Argus*.

The Astor House has been taken by Messrs [illegible] Frederick Boyden. Mr Dwight Boyden [illegible] Tremont, as heretofore.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE. We are not in the habit of giving the news of Monday at full length, but as we hope the conflagration of Monday will be for many years referred to as the last great fire, we have transferred to our columns a circumstantial and correct account, from the Mercantile Journal. It originated in a carpenter's shop, by the bursting of a spirit gas lamp, and spread with fearful rapidity —presenting, in the fright and danger of women and children rendered houseless, such a scene as we hope never to witness again. It broke out at about 4 o'clock, and was subdued at about eight. The tide was fortunately on its side, and though the wind was fresh at four, at eight it was calm, changing, during the time of the fire from W. to N.

Large brick store on corner of Salem and Pond streets, owned by A. L. Chamberlain, was much injured, the upper story nearly consumed. Insurance on the building $2000. The lower floor was occupied by Mr Chamberlain as a grocery. Insurance $2500. Second floor occupied by L. Joselyn, paper stainer—no insurance—loss considerable. Also, by Fowler & Stearns, painters—no insurance. The third story by White & Mann, upholsterers—no insurance. The attic was used for storage of goods by W. B. Oliver, tin plate worker, loss between 2 and $300—no insurance.

Large building on Pond street owned by T. Balfinch, and occupied by A. Baldwin, turner, loss about $1500, no insurance. Also, by S. Curtis, looking glass manufacturer. Also, by Thos Boyd, patent window-frame and sawing machinery, loss about $2,500—insurance—$1000. Also by Flint and Carnes, cabinet makers, loss $5,000.

Stable, occupied by Reuben Davis, owned by E. H. Derby. All its contents and three horses were destroyed. Insurance $4,400.

Massachusetts Hotel, No 32 Pond street, partially burnt; Stables, &c, totally consumed, owned by Artemas Ward, occupied by L. Harris. Insurance will nearly cover the loss.

Several wooden buildings on Cross street, occupied as dwelling houses, near the Massachusetts Hotel, were somewhat, but not materially injured. The furniture, &c, was all removed.

Wooden dwelling house, corner of Cross and Salem streets, was totally destroyed—owned by Miss S. J. Beals, insured for $1000.

Two houses adjoining, owned by heirs of Enoch James, are totally destroyed, the other partially—insured.

All the buildings in Salem street, west side, from the corner of Cross and Salem streets to the corner of Salem and Pond streets, were totally destroyed, with the exception of Mr Chamberlain's before mentioned—being eight or nine buildings, occupied as dwelling houses and small shops. One house occupied and owned by Mrs John Davis, was insured $1700. Many of them were not insured.

On the east side of Salem street several buildings, viz: Nos. 15, 17 and 19, owned by S. Lathrop, and occupied as dwelling houses, one by Benjamin True, formerly of the firm of True and Greene, who was burnt out for the eight time, where very considerably injured. Insurance on the buildings $5500. No. 21, was also somewhat damaged.

Dwelling house in Blackstone street belonging to estate of Benr Tucker, totally consumed—no insurance.

Blacksmith shop adjoining, occupied by E. S. Weite—upper apartment occupied by John Hall, carpenter. Mr. Hall's loss about $200. Cooper's shop in Blackstone street, occupied by Mr Abbott totally destroyed. Insurance $800.

Carpenter's shop in Blackstone street, occupied by Smith & Stetson, where the fire originated—loss about $2300. Insurance $1000.

Carpenter's shop occupied by C. A. Baldwin—loss $1500. No insurance.

The stables running through from Blackstone street to Pond street, one owned by R G. Shaw, one by Judge Ward, and the other by Mr. Winthrop, totally destroyed with all their contents.

Mechanics' Inn—a large three story brick building, corner of Blackstone street and Cross street, owned by Mr. Smith, occupied by Joshua Winslow, interior of building nearly destroyed, much of the furniture &c. injured in moving.

A three story brick building in the same block, occupied as a dwelling house by Mr Gove, was considerably injured.

Several small wooden buildings adjoining, occupied as dwelling houses, were totally destroyed, also a provision store at the corner of Pond street.

A large brick building, unfinished, on the West side of Blackstone street, intended for the Warren bank, was several times on fire, and much injured. The whole number of buildings totally destroyed, or rendered untenable by this conflagration, is believed to be *forty-seven*, and many others were much injured.

It could hardly be expected that such a disastrous fire could take place without serious accidents to some of the individuals engaged in restraining its fury, and it is with regret that we are compelled to record several *disasters* of a serious nature. Williard Buglee and Charles Barber, belonging to the Department, and Nathaniel Wade were much injured, though not seriously, by some bricks falling upon them. Mr Reuben Davis, we understand, was also much injured. Mr Thomas Cooper, a machinist, had his leg broken by a piece of timber falling upon it, and a young woman by the name of Mary Swan, in attempting to save her trunk of clothing from her boarding house, was shockingly burnt, so that but little hopes are entertained of her recovery.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen, yesterday:

Wm Hayden, jr. was elected Auditor of Accounts, in concurrence. Enoch H. Snelling, Assistant Assessor for Ward No. 1, in place of Joseph M. Leavitt, and Nathaniel Budd for Ward No. 2, in place of Moses Miller, who declined serving.

Joseph L. Drew, appointed 2d Assistant Foreman of Engine No. 13, and Benjamin Mahan, Clerk of Engine No. 2.

Petition of John Rayner and others, at having the bells rung daily at sunrise. Referred.

Petition of A and C Cunningham and others, to have Broadstreet widened near the head of Rowe's wharf. Referred.

Petition of Samuel Brown and others, to have a name given to the new street leading from Hanover street, near the head of Prince street, to North square, and to have the same numbered. Referred.

Daniel Holbrook licensed as an auctioneer.

The City Marshal was directed to report the number of licenses granted this year to Innholders, Victuallers, and Retailers.

An order passed, directing the Acting Engineer of the fire Department to cause a suction Engine to be built for the use of Engine Company No. 14, in the place of the Cataract, condemned.

Resolve passed to widen Hanover street, near the head, where the late fire was.

A company was appointed for Engine No 20.

Adjourned to Monday next, 4 o'clock P. M.

STOREBREAKING. Messrs Enoch Hobart & Co's store was entered Thursday night, and robbed of goods to the value of $300 part of which have been found in neighboring yards where they were probably dropped by the thieves, in the hurry of flight. The store was entered by cutting a hole through the door at the foot, and breaking a pane of glass at the top, by which means the bolts were unslipped.—*Trans.*

SPECULATIONS. On Thursday week the Proprietors of the Locks and Canals commenced the sale of the valuable real estate lying between Merrimack street, and the site of the Boott Mills, now erecting. The information had hardly begun its circulation, before it was overtaken by the news that the whole north side of the street *had gone* at one dollar per square foot. The entire range of lots from the Episcopal Church to Central street, was eagerly taken up at the above rates. The whole amount of sales within the first twenty-four hours could not have been less than $60,000. One lot is sold to the Railroad Bank, and we understand that an elegant granite building will be erected by that institution. Another lot is to be the site of a meeting house, which will front directly down Central street.—*Lowell Courier.*

A new Abolition newspaper has just been established in [illegible] county, Ohio, called "The Anti-Slavery Intelligencer, and Colored Man's Advocate," edited by *Miss Lydia Lewis.*

WORCESTER. A great impulse has been given to the business of the town of Worcester ever since the construction of the Rail Road to that place was determined on. A great number of houses and stores have been erected, and a rapid advance has taken place in the price of real estate. We learn from the Worcester papers of yesterday that a census has just been taken in compliance with a vote of the town, and that the population of the town on the 1st inst. was found to be 6,624. According to the census of 1830, the population was 4172—increase in five years 2452.—*Adv.*

The Rev. John N. Maffit, celebrated in this part of the country some years since, as a zealous and fluent itinerant preacher of the Methodist Church, has been appointed Professor of Eloquence in La Grange College, Tenn.

The Committee of the Legislature, appointed at the last session to sit during the recess, and examine the Report of the Commissioners for the Revision of the Statutes, commenced their session on Wednesday.

The New Orleans Bee says,—"The coffee plant and tea shrub are known to grow wild in this state; but unfortunately our planters have not either time or taste to attend to their cultivation."

Beautiful statuary marble, said to be of the finest texture and of snowy whiteness, has been discovered in the neighborhood of Lynchburg. In some places it runs into the verd antique variety.

HARTFORD RAIL ROAD. A meeting of citizens of Hartford was held at Union Hall, in that city on the 13th inst. to hear the report of the Engineer appointed to survey the route of the proposed rail road from that city to the north line of the state towards Worcester. Mr. Barritt, the Engineer who has been employed to survey the route, submitted his report, together with a profile of the route surveyed. A resolution was adopted, declaring the expediency of taking measures forthwith to establish the said road, and delegates were appointed, for the city of Hartford and the neighboring towns, to attend the convention to be held in Worcester in the early part of July.—*Adv.*

The funeral ceremonies in honor of the late Gen Lawrence took place in New York on Tuesday. The cortege, accompanied by a large procession, also marched to the monument De Witt Clinton. It is to be erected at Delhi.

One of the convicts in the State Prison, at Wethersfield, Conn. was killed by another convict who occupied the same cell, last Friday week. Both of them were over sixty years of age, and were not acquired to work.

MEXICO. By private advices received yesterday, (says the New Orleans Bee of the 6th instant) from Tampico, it appears that the revolution in Mexico is assuming a serious aspect. Already have several of the states declared in favor of the plan of Alvarez and Farias; and many others that have not yet made any demonstration, are expected soon to join them. Both these generals intend to concentrate their forces on Mexico; and Alvarez has already advanced for that purpose. Santa Anna has assumed the command of the army, and gone to Tampico; but it is believed he will march thence after some necessary arrangements, to the encounter of Gomez Farias at Zacatecas.—Barragan acts still as the regent president.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Joshua G. Davies to Eliza D. Hook; William Edwards to Sophia Ann Gragg; George W. Pierson, of the firm of Pierson & Rowland, to Sarah Ann Haggens; Ferdinand Sherwin of Amherst, to Sarah B. Dodge; Joseph Erwin formerly of Haverhill, N. H. to Zebiah Wheelwright formerly of Cohasset; Henry Daniels to Lucy Ann Fergerson; John Burrowscale to Lucy Vincent.

At Charlestown, Josiah Walder of Rindge, N. H. to Elizabeth F. Fosdick.

At Cambridgeport, Joseph P. Derby to Susan W. Priest.

At Roxbury, Gilman Page of Cambridgeport, to Hannah Ann Blaney.

At Jamaica Plain, William Burrage of Boston, to Mary Ann Jackson.

At Dorchester, Samuel T. Worcester of Norwalk, Ohio, to Mary F. C. Wales.

At Quincy, Benjamin Curtis to Emeline Spear; Timothy Gay to Mary E. Savil.

At Newton, Dr Simeon Bart Carpenter to Angeline Louisa Murdock.

At Lynn, Wm Haskell to Elizabeth H. Witt.

At Salem, Dean Stiles to Rebecca H. Dennet; Capt William Silver Jr to Frances Putnam; Horton D. Walker to Susan Maria Rugg.

At Billerica, Dudley Foster to Louisa Pollard.

At Lexington, Rev Curtis Cutler, of Gardiner, to Miss Clarissa W. Morell.

At Boxford, Rev Joshua Emery Jr, of Fitchburg, to Harriet Peabody, formerly of Boston.

At Barnstable, Henry H. Prouty of Roxbury, to Delia C. Blossom.

At Amherst, Rev Stillman Pratt of Reading, to Eleanor M. Dickinson.

At New York, Charles E. Allen to Anne C. Weatherwax, both of Boston.

At Washington, N. C. Capt John B. Kelm, of Boston, to Mrs Jerusha Ward.

At Singapore, at the house of J. Ballistier, Consul of the United States, Jan 15, Rev Ira Tracy, of Vermont, to Adeline White, of Brookfield, Mass, both of the American Mission.

DEATHS.

In this city, Patrick Shea, 22; Elizabeth O. relict of the late Dr Oliver Prescott, of Newburyport, 72; Judith G. wife of William Parsons Jr 34; Nancy B. daughter of Thomas Titcomb, 19; James Bird, 63; at the house of Theodore Lyman Jr. Sarah, widow of the late Wm Henderson Esq. of New York; Ezekiel Murphy, formerly of Alna, Me. 53; John D. Furber Jr. formerly of Portsmouth, N. H. 37—death occasioned by a fall; Miss Priscilla N. Peterson, 42; Thomas Green, 50; Elizabeth, relict of the late Moses Eayrs, 75; Arminarius, wife of John Howard, Esq. 47.

At Cambridgeport, Gilbert C. Comery, 19.

At Charlestown, Dorcas, wife of Capt Thomas Rice, 78.

At Dorchester, James G. N. Glover, 25.

At Lynn, Jedediah Purington, 88.

At Salem, Dr Benjamin L. Oliver, 75; Martha, widow of the late Capt John Green, 65; widow Susan Tucker, 77.

At Hingham, Capt George Watson, 38.

At Scituate, Lucy, relict of the late Joshua Ellis, of this city.

At Gloucester, Job Tarr, a revolutionary soldier.

At Taunton, John W. Seabury Esq. 74.

At Andover, Benjamin Jenkins Esq. a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, 49.

At Lebanon, Ct. James F. Mason, formerly a distinguished member of the Legislature of Connecticut, 74.

At Washington, in the 45th year of her age, Anne Lucinda, consort of Gen Walter Jones, of that city, and daughter of the late Charles Lee, Attorney General of the United States under the administration or Washington and Adams.

At Mandarin, East Florida, suddenly, Mr S. Spencer Browning, formerly of Boston.

At Port au Prince, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Capt Jackson Durant Jr. of New York, formerly of Boston, 36.

On his passage from New York to Key West, Florida, James Coolidge, late of this city.

On board the packet Gov. Robbins, on her passage from Calais, Me. to this city, Lucinda, only daughter of Samuel Darling Esq. of C. 22.

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.

april 4

REMOVAL AND
COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

HENRY LAWSON, Upholsterer, has removed to No. 228, Washington street, corner of Summer street and has commenced Copartnership with F. HARRINGTON, Upholsterer, of this city, in the above business.

H. L. takes this opportunity of thanking the ladies and gentlemen of Boston and its vicinity, with whose orders he has been liberally supplied, and solicits for LAWSON & HARRINGTON a continuance of their favors, with an assurance that their best endeavors will be used to merit approbation. 6wq april 18

VARNISH AND GLUE
BRUSHES.

BRASS Handled, Varnish and Glue Brushes, used also by India Rubber Manufacturers, made without Cement, and warranted to stand in any composition. Manufactured only by J. J. ADAMS, No 15 Exchange street.

april 4 8w

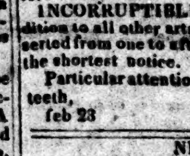
NOTICE.

JOHN SIMMS respectfully informs the citizens of Boston and Charlestown, that he continues to manufacture the first-rate of SATIN BEAVER HATS, and keeps constantly on hand a full supply, at wholesale or retail, at No. 59, Commercial street.

☞ Country dealers supplied on the most liberal terms, for cash or approved credit.

*** JOHN SIMMS obtained the premium awarded by the American Institute in New York, at the last annual Fair, for the best Drab Satin Beaver Hat. 3m april 18

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.



DR B. T. PRESCOTT respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is prepared to attend to all branches of DENTAL SURGERY, at his place, corner of Hanover and Portland streets, Boston—viz—Carious Teeth cleansed, filled and rendered equally useful as before decayed.

INCORRUPTIBLE, or PORCELAIN TEETH, in addition to all other artificial Teeth now in use, will be inserted from one to a full set, in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

Particular attention paid to the regulation of children's teeth.

feb 23 3m

NEW STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city. Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.

feb 14 tf

IMPROVED OVEN.

THE Subscriber having made an improvement upon Ovens for domestic and other purposes, respectfully asks the attention of persons who are about building or making alterations.

The improvement consists in the arrangement of the Oven and the mode of heating. The fire being applied in a sliding furnace underneath the cast iron bottom of the oven, the heat rises on one side, crosses the top, and descends on the other side through funnels of cast iron into the main flue or chimney, radiating the heat in its passage from all sides and descending below the bottom of the oven before it escapes—thus securing the greatest possible economy of heat; the whole apparatus being enclosed within a space or cavity by brick walls.

Also, in the application of a Thermometer, which enables the operator to graduate the heat and accomplish with certainty the desired results. The inventor having had one of these ovens in use more than a year, has exhibited it to several competent judges, who have pronounced it superior to any other oven now in use, and he confidently recommends it as worth the attention of those about to erect Ovens, and he will be ready at any time to exhibit and explain the same fully. The expense will be something more than the common oven, but much less than the Rumford oven, to which it will be found greatly superior.

N. B. The above is patented.

BENJ. BLANEY, Oven Manufacturer.

feb 28 3m No. 3, Congress Square, (up stairs.)

[illegible] All Lynn subscribers [illegible] of the Gallery. The advertiser should specify the number of insertions he desires; otherwise the advertisement will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

MAMMOTH ELEPHANT
MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS.

THE Proprietors of the *Mammoth Elephant Menagerie and Circus*, respectfully inform the inhabitants of Lynn and vicinity, that they will exhibit their rare collection of Living Animals, in Lynn, on the Common, on WEDNESDAY, June 17.

This travelling world of living curiosities, consisting of *WILD BEASTS AND BIRDS*, is exhibited under two spacious Pavilions, each 100 feet in diameter, and sufficiently large to contain five thousand persons—and, for the convenience of visitors, eligible seats are constructed on a safe and improved plan, for the accommodation of several hundred spectators, to which Ladies and juvenile branches of families are first entitled.

To render the whole more attractive, the proprietors have engaged a BAND, of fourteen members, of approved musical talent, who will execute favorite National Airs, Marches, Overtures, &c. &c.

This Menagerie and Circus consists of 27 wagons and 80 fancy and gray horses, and requires 45 men to complete its operations.

Among the most prominent of the animals in this collection, are the following:—Great Hunting or War Elephant, Tippoo Sultan, standing one foot higher than any other elephant in the United States. This animal is not only the most affectionate and sagacious, but decidedly the largest elephant offered to an American public, being 11 feet 6 inches high, and weighing upwards of 12,000 pounds. The Zebu, the first ever imported to this country. A full grown Lioness. The Angora. A pair of Leopards. A beautiful Zebra, from the Cape of Good Hope. The young Elephant, Hyder Ali. The Lama of Peru. The Arabian Camel. Full grown Brazilian Tiger. Antelope. Puma. South American Congar, Panthers. Wolf and Bears. Lynx of Japan. Badger and Ichneumons. With a variety of Birds, Monkeys and Baboons, &c. The sports of the Ring, by Black Hawk and Major Jack Downing, on their Shetland Ponies.

AMERICAN CIRCUS.—The Circus performance will commence with a Grand Parade Entree, by eight beautiful white and spotted horses. Flying Vaulting by the whole company—Mr Sands will introduce the celebrated Mare Ophelia—the laughable scene of the Cobblers—Frolic on Stilts—Horsemanship by Mr W. Howes on one horse—Mr E. Sands will appear in the circle on three horses. Mr Hess, the American Sampson, will go through with his wonderful feats of strength with weights, men and anvils. Horsemanship, by Mr R. Sands, the intrepid equestrian—Mr Sands will conclude his performance by throwing a backward somerset from the horses while at full speed. Still Vaulting, Ground and Lofty Tumbling. Horsemanship by Mr S. B. Howes, the Flying Horseman.

The performance to conclude with the laughable farce of the Miller and Coalman.

☞ For further particulars see large bills.

Hours of exhibition from 1 o'clock until 5 P. M. Admittance to the joint Menagerie and Circus, only 25 cents. Children under 10 years of age, half price.

To be exhibited at WOBURN, Mr Smith's Hotel, on TUESDAY, June 16. may 16

BIBLES.

SCOTT'S Family Bible; Common Family Bibles, in rich bindings; Comprehensive Bible; Polyglott Bible and Testaments to match. And a great variety of editions in elegant and strong bindings, for sale at the Bookstore, two doors East of the Hotel. april 4

PRINTING.

THE Subscriber would respectfully remind his friends and the public that he continues to execute orders for *PRINTING* of every description, with neatness and despatch. J. R. NEWHALL,

Lynn, April 4, 1835. 2d door East of the Hotel.

JUST RECEIVED.

BY J. R. NEWHALL, 1st and 2nd doors east Lynn Hotel, a new assortment of articles in the book, stationary and fancy goods line, among which are a prime lot of Rogers' Penknives, Silver Pencil Cases, Metal Pens, Quills, Paper, Cards, Ink Stands, Writing Books, &c.

Lynn, Feb 14

UNION FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE COMPANY, IN LYNN,

GIVE notice that their Capital Stock is FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, which is all paid in and invested according to law and that they continue to make Fire Insurance for any amount not exceeding $3500 on any one risk; and Marine Insurance for any amount not exceeding $3500 on any one risk, at their office in Nahant Bank Building.

H. A. BREED, President.

ISAAC STORY, Secretary.

Lynn, April 5. tf

REMOVAL.
WILLIAM CROSS, *TAILOR.*

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the shop formerly occupied by Joseph P. Jackson, directly opposite the First Methodist Meeting House, where he would invite all those that feel disposed, to give him their support, that he engages to fulfil all orders in his line of business with neatness and despatch. Thankful for past favors and a continuance solicited.

N. B. Garments cut and made are warranted or no compensation required

Lynn, June 28 tf

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

THE subscribers have just received and offer for sale at their Clothing Emporium, Market Street an extensive assortment of Broadcloths of every shade and color; Cassimeres of fashionable stripes and plain; Camblets, goat's hair and imitation; Vestings, Trimmings, Suspenders, Gloves, Dickeys, Bosom-pieces, and every article in their line.

Also, a fresh supply of Rogers's Imperial Stocks.

ROPES & LAMSON.

R. & L. feel grateful for the very liberal patronage they have received, and trust to merit a continuance of the same, by manufacturing Gentlemen's Garments from a medium to the extremity of fashion, and in workmanship inferior to none. Lynn, sept 20.

JOSEPH EDWARDS, JR,
TAILOR.
MASONIC SQUARE, LYNN.

CONTINUE to execute all orders in his line, with promptness, and in the best style. Having none but first rate workmen, he feels confident that all garments made by him will suffer nothing by comparison with those from the first tailoring establishments in the city. Terms, *Cash*. All orders gratefully received.

Gentlemen's Vestings, Stock, Collars, &c &c, constantly on hand *for sale.*

WANTED, as above—A number of small Job Makers; none but the best—to whom the highest price will be given.

Lynn, April 12.

FIRE INSURANCE ONLY.

THE FIREMEN'S INSURANCE COMPANY, Office No 20, on the north side of State Street, Boston, give notice that their Capital Stock is

$300,000.

which is paid in and invested according to law, and that they insure against LOSS BY FIRE, upon all descriptions of property in Boston and the immediate vicinity not exceeding

$30,000.

and on FACTORIES, and other property at a distance from the city, not exceeding

15,000

on any one risk.

Section 9th of the Charter of this Company provides that the Directors "Shall annually set aside one tenth part of the nett income, [illegible] to be appropriated to the use and benefit of the Boston Fire Department, in such manner as they shall see fit."

THOMAS C. AMORY, President.

S. G. ROGERS Jr. Secry. 3m [illegible]

EVERPOINTED PENCILS.

A DIXON & CO'S improved everpointed [illegible] Pencil Cases, of various patterns. Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. 3m april 25

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION,
CONCERT HALL.

THE MORNING EXHIBITION, consisting of the following pieces of mechanism:

THE AUTOMATON MUSICAL LADY; THE DRAWING AND WRITING FIGURE; THE MAGICIAN; THE ROPE DANCER; THE SELF WALKING FIGURE, &c. &c.

Takes place every day between 11 and 1 o'clock.

The EVENING EXHIBITION of *THE AUTOMATON MUSICAL LADY; THE MELODIUM; THE MECHANICAL THEATRE; THE TRUMPETER; THE ROPE DANCERS AND SPEAKING FIGURES; THE TOURNAMENT AND THE PHYSIORAMIC PYROTECHNICS.*

Commences every evening, (Saturday excepted) at 8 o'clock.

Admittance to each Exhibition, 50 cents; children half price.

☞ For particulars, see small bills. may 2

A CARD.

MRS. D. L. BROWN, Organist at the Church of the Holy Cross, respectfully acquaints her friends and the public, that she will give a Concert of Sacred Music at Boylston Hall, (corner of Washington and Boylston streets) on the 24th of May next, when she will be assisted by some of the most celebrated vocal and instrumental performers in the city. may 2

BALLOON EXHIBITION.

LEWIS A. LAURIAT would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that his BALLOON being now completed, he intends to exhibit it every day previous to his Ascension, which will be on MONDAY, June 1.

As the Balloon differs in shape and material from any one ever exhibited in this country, he has been advised by his friends to fill it with Atmospheric Air, and thus give the public an opportunity to inspect it.

It will be on exhibition at the new Riding School, Charles street, from 2 till 7 P M. The building being improved by Mr Towle in the forenoon, no person can be admitted previous to 2 o'clock.

Purchasers of Tickets for admission to the Amphitheatre, will be admitted to the exhibition gratis, and will be provided with a check for that purpose on purchasing a Ticket.

☞ Tickets at 50 cents—Checks at 25 cents—may be obtained at the following places—Light & Horton, Cornhill; John Ashton & Co, Washington st; Samuel H. Parker, Washington st; E V Ashton, Washington st; W Webster, (late Pendleton) Washington st; John Bigelow, corner of State and Washington sts; A. Willard, 69 Washington st; A J Allen, State st; John Marsh & Co, Joy's Building; Bromfield House; New England Coffee House; Exchange Coffee House, and at the door of the Riding School. may 16

CAMELEOPARD,

CAMELEOPARDALIS

GIRAFFA,—OR *GIRAFFE,*

FROM AFRICA.

THE Proprietors of the NEW ENGLAND MUSEUM have, at great expense, procured the exhibition of this very rare and wonderful animal for a short time. When full grown, the GIRAFFE is about 17 feet high. The present one died on its passage from Africa, and is not fully grown, being about 12 feet high. It is the only one ever brought to this country.

The Museum contains a great variety of interesting Curiosities, Good Music, &c. &c.

april 25

EDWARD RIDDLE,
PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE.
No 2 Pleasant street Court.

Or applications may be made at J. L. Bates, Music Store No 6 Court street near Washington street. feb 28

E. RIDDLE'S WALTZ

FOR the Flute, arranged with Piano Forte accompaniment, dedicated to Thomas Comer, Esq. Just published and for sale by *JOSEPH L. BATES*, No 6 Court street. 3p may 9

A CARD.

MR. JAMES G. MAEDER begs respectfully to announce that he has returned to Town and will resume his professional avocations as before, No 36, Hancock street. april 4

INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL.

THE Subscriber has opened an intermediate school between the hours of 12, M. and 1, P. M. for the accommodation of those who cannot attend at another hour. He would like to receive several more into his Arithmetic class, though he would by no means restrict those who may attend to that study alone. Terms made known on application at his school room, No. 46, Washington street, (up stairs.) R. P. ADAMS.

may 9

RAZORS HONED, &C,

TO GENTLEMEN WHO SHAVE THEMSELVES. Razors honed and warranted to cut as well as new. Also, particular attention paid to honing penknives Handles put to Razors at the subscriber's Hair Cutting Room, Bromfield street, adjoining the Bromfield House.

may 9 5t J. H. GRUSH, Jr.

MARBLE MANUFACTORY,
Merrimac-street, opposite the Hay Scales, and near Union-street, Boston.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has on hand a large assortment of Marble work, consisting of—

Marble Chimney Pieces, manufactured from best Foreign and Domestic Marble,

Marble Pier and Centre Table Tops,

Marble Monuments, Marble Tomb Stones, Marble and Slate Grave Stones, } for Cemeteries.

Also, a constant supply of Free Stone, for buildings of every kind.

☞ The above comprises a very extensive assortment, and will be sold on such terms as cannot fail to give satisfaction to purchasers.

feb 28 3m CHARLES HARLOW.

L. S. MARRING.

WOULD inform his friends and former customers that he has made arrangements with the ROXBURY INDIA RUBBER COMPANY, to manufacture first rate *WATER PROOF BOOTS AND SHOES*, for Ladies and Gentlemen, at their Factory in Roxbury and would invite them to call at the Store of MR THOMAS C. WALES, No 196 Washington Street, Boston—where all the goods manufactured by him are for sale WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

N. B. All defects made good by a new Pair or Cash as the purchaser prefers. 3m feb 14

CLOTHING.

200 DRESS COATS.
1200 pairs PANTS.
1000 VESTS;
170 SURTOUTS and OVERCOATS,
60 JACKETS.

For sale by ISAAC OSGOOD, 31 Dock Square.

☞ Where is for sale a prime assortment of first rate *CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS*. Garments made to order, in best style. tf sept 20

NEW BOOKS.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY, No. 1. Containing "A Tour on the Prairies." By Irving, author of the "Sketch Book."

The Highland Smugglers. By the author of "Persian Adventurer" &c.

The Lady Superior's Answer to "Six Months in a Convent."

Tales of Woman's Trials. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Real Life. Pages from the Portfolio of a Chronicler, bound in one volume.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. april 18

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,
INSTRUCTOR OF THE
SPANISH LANGUAGE,
AND OF
DRAWING.

[illegible] Joy's Building, Room, No. 36.

BRUSH MANUFACTORY,
AND WAREHOUSE.
No. 15 EXCHANGE STREET.

J. J. ADAMS, has for sale as above *COMMON and FANCY BRUSHES*, of every description at Wholesale and Retail.

He is constantly manufacturing the article, and will furnish to order all kinds of Factory and Machine Brushes of good quality and at the lowest prices.

N. B. Bristles for Brush-making and Shoemaker's use, for Sale. 8w april 25

WATCHES,

A LARGE assortment of *GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES*, constantly on hand and for sale at No 1 Washington street.

THOMAS A. DAVIS & CO.

☞ Watches exchanged. eoptf feb 21

NANKIN AND CANTON
STRAW CARPETING.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No. 414, Washington street, has constantly on hand a large assortment of Straw Carpeting of various qualities and widths, among which are—

2500 yards Superfine Nankin, 6-4
2000 do do do 5-4
3500 do Canton do 6-4
4500 do do do 5-4

1 case German Table Matts, a new and superfine article. 4mis march 28

FASHIONABLE
HAT WAREHOUSE.

HALL & CO. No. 10, Washington street, offer for sale on such terms as cannot fail to suit purchasers, a large and extensive assortment of all shapes and prices, of Satin Beaver, Fur, and Wool HATS. Always on hand, Hatter's FURS and TRIMMINGS. Also, Silk and Gingham UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS, at *manufacturer's prices.* 1mis may 2

NOTICE.
TO CABINET MAKERS.

WANTED, immediately, three Journeymen Cabinet Makers, and one Mahogany Chair Maker. First rate workmen will be paid the highest prices and have constant employment. Apply at this office.

may 9 3tis

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

OPERATIONS
ON THE TEETH.

DR. PARSONS, Surgeon Dentist, No. 16, Winter-street, having obtained the aid of Mr. Noles, a skilful Dentist, from Philadelphia, gives notice that he will insert the *Incorruptible* or *Mineral* Teeth on nearly the same terms as the other kinds of artificial Teeth.

He respectfully announces that all operations on the Teeth will be performed in the most approved manner, and that the fees for his professional services have never been increased.

He is permitted to refer to—DR. WARREN, DR. REYNOLDS, REV. DR. WAINWRIGHT, HON. MARCUS MORTON. 8wis march 14

FRENCH SHOES.

THE Subscriber has for the last five or six years paid considerable attention to the French Shoes of Este's make. All that have given them a fair trial give them the preference, because they wear best and do not stretch as much, and possess all of the ease and comfort that is peculiar to Este's shoes. As the foot is dependant on the form of the shoe for its good shape, misses' and children's shoes will be particularly attended too, and made by the best workmen. Now for sale—Morocco, Kid, Calf-skin, Prunella, Satin, Sateen and Bronze Kid Slippers; Morocco and Calf-skin, Grecian ties thick Soles; Morocco, Grecian ties, thin Soles; kid slips thick Soles; fur lined Shoes, thin and thick Soles; misses' and children's Calf-skin, Grecian ties, thick Soles; Kid, Morocco, Calf-skin and Bronze, Kid Slippers; Bronze, Green and Black, Morocco, Grecian ties, thin Soles. Ladies', misses' and children's Boots and Shoes made to order. JOHN KIMBALL, 2d,

198, Tremont, 6 doors from Court-street, Boston.

march 14

REMOVAL.

MOSES WHITNEY, Watch Maker, informs his friends and the public that he has removed from No. 1 Dock Square to No. 6 Brattle Square, between the Brattle street Church and Elm street, where his customers may find their Watches previously left to be repaired, and where personal attention will be devoted to repairing Watches, Clocks, and Timepieces, of every description, for all who will please favor him with their custom. 3mis march 14

EXTRA PAINT AND
VARNISH BRUSHES,

OF superior quality, manufactured on a new plan, with handles warranted fast. For sale by J. J. ADAMS, Brush Manufacturer, No. 15, Exchange st.

april 4

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

TO LET—A small office of FANCY TYPE with PRESS suitable for carrying on JOB PRINTING. It is well located and has some custom. Inquire at this office. may 16

STRAW BONNETS.

J. NIGHTINGALE, No. 230, Washington street, three doors South from Summer street, will open THIS DAY a few cases of BONNETS,—comprising Dunstable, Open Work and Plain Straw,—will sell them by the dozen or retail, at a small advance from manufacturers' prices.

Also, French and English GOODS, GLOVES, HOSIERY, &c. is6w may 16

NEW JEWELRY
ESTABLISHMENT,

LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington street, Joy's Building—

Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.

april 18 is3m

OLD JAVA COFFEE,

ROASTED, Ground, and put up in neat canisters, ready for use, wholesale or retail. The subscriber will also send for, roast and grind Coffee at short notice, and return the same to any part of the city, free of expense, for two dollars per hundred. He also keeps constantly on hand pulverised Loaf Sugar, a beautiful article for bar or family use. All kinds of Spices ground at short notice, by J. W. CARTER, Bromfield street.

march 28

ACCORDIONS,
WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by JOSEPH L. BATES,

march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

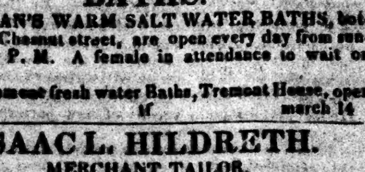
MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannister and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.

nov 1 ly



BATHS.

BRAMAN'S WARM SALT WATER BATHS, bottom Chesnut street, are open every day from sunrise to 10 P. M. A female in attendance to wait on Ladies.

The Tremont fresh water Baths, Tremont House, open as usual. tf march 14

ISAAC L. HILDRETH.
MERCHANT TAILOR,

HAS the pleasure to inform his friends and the public that he has taken the Store No 4 Rodger's Building, Congress Square, formerly occupied by John H. Simonds—where he will keep constantly on hand a complete assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of the latest style and variety of fabric to suit those who may favor him with their patronage. 3m feb 14

WATER PROOF PREMIUM
GOODS.

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 88 Water street, Boston—viz Cloaks, —Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons without or with feet —Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets and beds complete—Bed sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do &c. Air Beds—Cushions—Pillows—Gum Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by

nov 1 ly C. C. NICHOLS & CO. Boston.

LADIES'
GOLD CHAINS.

A NEW STYLE of Ladies' Gold Chains, with a variety of gentlemen's linked Chains—this day received and for sale at L. WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington street. is1m april 18

FOR SALE IN OHIO.

A TRACT of 13,000 acres of rich land in the town of Worthington and on the big Walnut creek, twelve miles from Columbus the seat of government. Apply to J. A. FOSTER, Land Office, No 7 Congress street, up stairs.

dec 20 tf

A CARD.

THE Subscriber will remain at his rooms until Saturday the 16th inst—it being the only opportunity he will have of giving personal attention to the unsettled accounts due the late firm, which after that date necessarily go out of his hands. E. K. WHITAKER.

may 9

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN,

Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.

may 2

RICH SILKS.

JAMES C. WHITE, 89, Hanover-street, has selected a prime assortment of Rich Silks, fig'd, plaid and plain, blk and choice colours; Bishop Lawns; Muslins; Cambrics; Ginghams; a superior article of Gloves; white and brn. cotton Hosiery, from 12½ cts to 6s per pair. An assortment of Newburyport Hosiery, a very desirable and scarce article. Rich Blonde gauze Veils; Foulard Hdkfs; Merino Shawls; printed Lawn and Cambrics, for summer dresses; rich English and French Prints; Linen Damask and Damask Cloths; Thread and Cambric Edgings and Insertings; dark Calicoes, fifty pence a yard. 5t may 2

GLASS DOOR PLATES,
DOOR KNOBS, BELL PULLS AND NUMBERS.

MANUFACTURED and Warranted by the New ENGLAND GLASS COMPANY—the most durable and ornamental articles for outside and inside doors.—Specimens of various kinds constantly on hand and may be seen at their Ware House, No 160 Washington street, Boston. 6m may 1

LINEN SHIRT
COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,
100 do do do Plain do do
200 do Medium quality do do do
150 do do Stitched do do
300 do Common do Plain do do

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞ Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. March 14

FRAMED.

PERSONS about getting their portraits framed, will do well to call at CABOT'S Looking Glass Store, 36, Union street, where they will find a splendid assortment of Frames done in the first rate manner in a great variety of patterns—likewise Prints, Paintings and Ladies' Needle Work, framed in as good a style and as cheap as can be found in this city. Having had a long experience, both in Boston and New York, in the above line of business, and having a large assortment of Moulds of my own selection, I feel confident that all work which my friends and the public may be pleased to entrust to me will be finished to their entire satisfaction.

march 14

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced. *Juvenile Music* is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis*.

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hertford and Boston, among those who have *given their signatures* to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.

John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Roszel, Prin. Boisseau Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
Samuel P Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
Susan M'Ingalls, Select Female Seminary.
Rev J P K Henshaw, Rector of St Peter's Church.
Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Church.
Rev. John D Bartow, Rector Trinity Church.

PHILADELPHIA.

Samuel B. Wylie, D D Prof An. Languages in the University of Penn.
Walter R Johnson, Prof Mechanics, and Nat. Philos. in the Franklin Inst.
R W Cushman, Prin. Young Ladies' Collegiate Inst.
Rev S W Crawford, Select School, Chesnut st.
Rev Charles Henry Alden, Young Ladies' High School.
Charles Picot, Select School for Young Ladies.
John M Keagy, Friends' Academy, 4th st.
S C & B Walker, Scientific and Class. Acad.
Oliver A Shaw, Teacher of a Classical School.
N Dodge, Prin. Harmony Hall Seminary.
John Frost, 8th st. Select School.
C D Cleveland, Select High School.
Rev Sam'l A McCoskry, Rector St Paul's Church.
Stephen H Tyng, D D Rector Ch. of the Epiphany.
Ezra Stiles Ely, D D Pastor of 3d Pres. Church.
Rev John McDowell, Pastor Central Pres. Church.
Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delancy, D D.

NEW-YORK.

Wm T Adams, Teacher Select School.
Edmund Barry, D D Prin. Classical Acad.
R Huddart, Select School.
George W Hall, Prin. Washington Institute.
L D Windsor, Prin Public School No. 1.
Rev Geo Bush, Prof N Y University.
Rev Cha's Anthon, Prof Columbia College.
Rev J F Schroeder, Asst Minister Trinity Church.
F S Worth, Prin Academy, Franklin st.
Rev John Powell, Rector St Peter's Church.
Rev H Anthon, Assist Minister Trinity Church.
Rev John Woodbridge, Pastor of Bowery Church.
John McVickar, D D, Prof Mor Phil'y Columbia College.
Rt Rev B T Onderdonk, Bishop P E Church, N Y.
Eliza Robbins, Author Popular Lessons, &c.
Lyman Cobb, Author of several valuable School Books.

HARTFORD.

Mrs L H Sigourney. T A Kelsz, Prin Central School.
F Goldthwait, Prin So Public School.
John P. Brace, Prin Female Seminary.
Rev Henry Stanwood, Pastor So Baptist Church.
Rev Horace Hooker, Editor Conn Observer.
Rev C C Vanarsdalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.

BOSTON.

Rev Joseph Tracy, Editor of the Recorder.
Rev F W Greenwood, Rector King's Chapel.
Rev Wm Jenks, Pastor Church Green st.
Rev J S Stone, Rector St Paul's Church.
Rev H Winslow, Pastor Church Bowdoin st.
Rev Baron Stow, Pastor 2d Baptist Church.
Edward Reynolds, M D. John Randall, M D.
S D Townsend, M D. J V C Smith, M D.
S A Shurtleff, M D.
F Emerson, author of several popular School Books.
Samuel Barrett, Prin Adam's School. J Fairbanks, Writing Master.
Levi Conant, Writing Master, Elliot School.
Barnum Field, Prin Hancock do.
P Mackintosh, Jr Writing Master, Hancock st.
Cornelius Walker, Prin Wells School.
Abner Forbes, Prin Belknap st. School.
T B Hayward, Select School Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Dover st. School.
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bowman Alcott, Sel't Prin School, Masonic Temple.
John F. Lathrop, Writing Master, Wells School.
Chs K Dillaway, Prin Public Latin School.
D H Storer, M D. Chandler Robbins, M D.
J H Lane, M D.
Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.

Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Mahon & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. Gummey; Baltimore, Richards & Sons; Washington, D C Dow Cowan; Richmond, Va. Richard D. Sanxay; Buffalo, N. Y., T. M. & M Butler; New Orleans, Charlie H. Burnside.

may 2

FANCY PRINTING.

CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, SHOW AND SHOP BILLS, PROMPTLY EXECUTED [illegible]

MISCELLANY.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

HAPPINESS.—A PICTURE.

BY WILLIAM DRAGESWORT GALLAGHER.

A green vale, and a humble cot
Embowered in vines and spreading trees;
Before the door a verdant plot,
And flowers whose perfume leads the breeze:
Upon the green, those flowers among,
Glad as the winds that hither stray,
A group of children, fair and young,—
Their cheeks are flush'd with play!

Midway the two small rooms between,
(For only two hath cot like this,)
Spectator of the joy-ous scene,
And sharer of the heartfelt bliss,
A white-haired grandam;—on her knee
Her knitting lies neglected now;
She fairly strains her eyes to see,—
Her specs pushed to her brow!

A smile upon her withered cheeks,—
On each a glistening tear-drop lies;
Her lips apart—she slaughters speaks,
And harder strains her filmy eyes.
An anguish'd cry!—she quickly sprang,—
The sufferer's head was on her breast:
A bee its tiny foot had stung,
On clover-blossoms prest.

'Why are men of talent so stupid?' is a question asked and answered by a witty French writer. Our readers would be puzzled to guess the cause assigned by him. *Scribe*, the celebrated writer of plays, is in company, says the French expounder, a peculiarly dull man; and one of his friends M. Balzac a man of great celebrity, "a great writer of fashionable novels, great manufacturer of literary articles, great poet, is certainly the most stupid man I know; and yet, his novels are the most read, the most philosophical, the most dramatic, the most affecting in all the twelve *arrondissements* of Paris. What is this?"

He then accounts for it in the report of a conversation with Balzac, who is in fact one of the most successful of the living writers of France.

One evening sitting with him after dinner, I was in one of my happiest moods, by turns playful, sublime, grotesque, serious, naif. My friend applauded me, and when in my excitement, after striving to move his genius, I exclaimed,—my dear friend, how stupid you are! He set to laughing, and said I am economizing.

I was astonished.

He, unmoved, continued:—"I economized; for I am not, like you, a spend-thrift. I have good reason to do it. My mind is my fortune. Why should I scatter it to the winds? No, I am not so weak. Such as you see me, I have a luxurious reputation.—Paris, France, the world is curious about me. Every body knows that I have a florid complexion, an abdomen tolerably *pronounce*, and an iron headed cane which cost no less than a thousand crowns. And I tell you in confidence, the portion of human race which I interest the most is that portion called feminine."

I made a movement of incredulity.

"Yes, my friend, I am sought for and courted by the women. Not a day but I receive a dozen glazed, perfumed billets, embalming Marchionesses and Duchesses. They desire to see me, to listen to me, they appoint a rendezvous,—which I never decline. All my mornings are devoted to these interviews."

Happy dog, I exclaimed.

"These ladies delight in talking: I let them. They talk and talk—how they enjoy it. I listen: some of them have talent, ideas: I profit by them, but I keep silent. Then when they have talked a long while, when they have poured out all they had in their heads and hearts, I very politely take my leave.'

What, without one of those pretty sentences which you turn so well? Oh! you certainly give them a word.

'Not a syllable. My words, my thoughts, my style, my genius, are merchandise too valuable to be disposed of thus gratis. With a word, I make a chapter; with a thought, a volume: and these chapters and volumes, Dupont and Gosselin buy from me: it is therefore to them that I carry every thing. As to the world, to my friends, my family, not a sous. I know how to calculate too well for that. Here Iv'e been talking half an hour with you,—it's a hundred francs lost."

With that he rose with a discontented air, took his hat, and left me. I struck with wonder at this magnificent theory, began to reflect if I could not put it in practice. I began by making an article out of the conversation of my illustrious friend, and then I made a resolution to be in future immeasurably stupid in company. To those who shall be astonished at it I shall answer—'I am economizing.'

This recipe for book making may perhaps be turned to account too by cis-atlantic writers.—*Baltimore American.*

IMPOSSIBILITY OF MAN'S FLYING.—We are so much in the habit of seeing birds fly, and they fly with such apparent ease, that we are apt to overlook the many mechanical difficulties that have to be overcome by their organization. But when attempts have been made by men to construct flying apparatus, or even to accomplish the apparently much simpler object of directing a balloon, which floats buoyantly without any effort, because it is filled with gas superficially lighter than the atmosphere, the attempters, notwithstanding all their mechanical skill, and even their mechanical science, have found that they would require to go a long time to school before they could accomplish even the most apparently simple of those objects. A flying apparatus, to be moved by the human arms, is like the kindred fancy of a perpetual motion, a physical impossibility; and the attempt to construct one is one of those absurdities into which men are apt to fall in the infancy of knowledge, when they have vanity enough to lead them wrong, but want the requisite knowledge to keep them right. Even if the arms could be trimmed to perfect wings, bearing the same proportion to the human body as those of the bird of most powerful flight have to its weight, there are not in the human body any muscles by which such wings could receive any thing like a flying motion. Then if that difficulty could be got the better of, (which it evidently could not,) the spine would bend, and the body cast over and tumble to the ground, on whatever part it happened to be the heaviest. Or, if this again could be got the better of, man is not adapted for breathing on the wing, and thus the circulation would stop, and there would be an end of the flier in the very beginning of his flight. In short, it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that no addition to the human body could make man a flier. If the study of the structure of birds had no other effect than the preventing of such fancies as these—fancies which, like the other chimeras mentioned, still sometimes occupy time in which the schemer might do something not altogether useless—it would be worthy of our attention. The author of this sketch remembers, long ago, a case in which a young man, in a small country town, had got so much of the formal or colloquial part of science, that he was looked upon as a prodigy, and, among other things, a very Archimedes in mechanics.—Earth could not set bounds to his ambition, and he would needs fly; so, after month's of labor, he produced a pair of wings, and, mounting to the top of the barn of his father's farm-yard, spread them for flight, and shot boldly into the air; but no shot pigeon or even pig of lead, was ever more true to the perpendicular, for the wings barely saved him from a dangerous fall.—*Mudie's natural history of birds.*

HIRAM POWERS. A notice of this Sculptor in the Cincinnati Mirror, contains among other anecdotes, the following of a figure of Drake, the comedian of the year, and late husband of the celebrated tragedian, Mrs. Drake.—He is taken in the attitude of singing his favorite song of *Love and Sausages*; yes, the identical dress of the original stalks the figure. There were some comical tricks played with the same figure when it was but just finished, and before the public were aware of its existence. It was, one night taken to the theatre.—It had been previously announced in the bills in a very ambiguous manner, that the favorite song of *Love and Sausages* would be sung by a sort of double Alock (Hamlet) and there was a good house. Drake was a universal favorite, and everybody was on the look-out for something very funny. The play is over, and the prompter's bell summons the musicians to their places in orchestra. Another ring—and the curtain rises! There stands Alock Drake, in the customary attitude; they applaud him with enthusiasm of applause. They pause to hear the favorite song. Alock holds the same attitude, rolls his eyes as usual, winks upon, and the usual leering, leaps, which manifestations in bold mechanism in the left hand. Some thought he had a fit and some began to whisper that he was blind! The musicians impatiently prompted the prompter, prompter still no sign of a musical note. Alock! The prompter begins to hiss, the musicians stamp, the house, and behold, down comes the curtain, and with it the singer, who bows! This or some dumb-show, amid shouts, laughter, and hooting, turned to the green room door, where the prompter waited to set him paying. Why, said the prompter, Drake, sleepy of the drama, a musical piece. All hands back to their places, and the same dumb show in actual over again, the house is amazed, mystified, mad. Cants, apples, nuts, &c. jingle, bounce, and skip about the stage, and the curtain falls in sprout. Everything was ripe for a row; and, had some mischievous wight cut the cassonade, Drake's purveyors would have brought down terrible retribution on the manager. But Alock was a favorite; and the character was hooked at the first sound of the prompter's bell. The curtain again rose: Drake *did* sing this time, and was encored till he was tired out, Now this is a fact; many in town can recollect the incident, which, by the bye, was never before publicly avowed and explained. The two first Drakes were the wax one, the third was the true Simon Pure. The house was completely hoaxed with Powers' likeness of Drake which has ever since been standing in the museum.

MANUFACTURING FEMALES IN AMERICA.—The stage from Newburyport to Lowell was crowded with well-dressed females, unembarrassed in manner, untainted with forwardness or vulgarity, and who evidently had not been accustomed to high life. On our arrival at Lowell, we observed several stages deposit loads of the same sex, which circumstance was accounted for by the extensive cotton manufactories situated in the immediate neighborhood. There is a constant succession of females departing from, and arriving at Lowell; the high wages of those attending the factories attract such as particularly want a sum of money, after which they return home. The females engaged in manufacturing amount to nearly 5,000, and as we arrived at Lowell on the afternoon of Saturday, we had an opportunity of seeing those connected with some of the largest cotton factories, retiring from labour. All were clean, neat, and fashionably attired, with reticules hanging on their arms, and calashes on their heads. They commonly walked arm in arm without displaying levity. Their general appearance and deportment was such that few British gentlemen, in the middle ranks of life, need have been ashamed of leading any one of them to a tea-party. Next day, being Sunday, we saw the young females belonging to the factories going to church in their best attire, when the favorable impressions of the preceding evening were not effaced They lodge, generally, in boarding-houses, and earn about 2s. 6d. sterling per week, independent of board; serving girls earn about 4s. 3d.—*Sheriff's Tour through North America.*

CURIOUS WAGER.—FAT AND LEAN.—While I was on a visit to Lord Barrymore, in August, 1779, who then resided on the Steine, at Brighton, the conversation after dinner was about pedestrianism. Bullock, at the time well known on the turf, a heavy and corpulent man was of the party, and offered to start against his Lordship, on foot, for one hundred yards, provided he would give thirty-five—at the same time he (Bullock) was to choose the ground. The bet was instantly accepted, and the following day was fixed for this grand exploit. The Prince Regent (Lord Barrymore kept the place on the qui vive) was present, with a numerous assemblage—many bets on both sides depending—the odds against Bullock, who did not hesitate to take them;—when, to the surprise of Lord Barrymore, who did not weigh ten stones, (the other eighteen) and considered himself sure of winning his wager, Bullock had fixed on one of those narrow alleys (with only room for one person to walk and a high wall on each side) well known at Brighton, at the east of the town, as the previous wager was specified and witnessed on paper no objection could be possibly made. At starting, each party took his place, Bullock thirty five yards in advance, and though Lord Barrymore soon got close to him, the other, by his breadth of shoulders, his arms extended, and being the most powerful, kept the other behind, and laughing, at his ease took his time to win, to the annoyance of the many who lost their money.—*Angelu's Picnic.*

COINCIDENCE OF SENTIMENT.—"Deuce take these cursed Irishmen!" said Louis XIV. to a Colonel of a foreign regiment in his service." confound them! what with their rioting, and kicking up the devil, they give me more plague and trouble than all the rest of my army put together." "Your Majesty's observation is perfectly correct," replied the Colonel, with a low bow, "and *your Majesty's enemies* make the same remark."

ROBERT BURNS.

J. CRISSY, No. 4, Minor-street, Philadelphia, has just published a new edition of the WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS, containing all the Poems and Songs of the above author that are thought to possess any value, extracted from the late edition, edited by Allan Cunningham. This edition is embellished with a new and very fine likeness of Burns, and a vignette, representing the Cottage in which he was born, engraved upon steel expressly for the present edition.

The following advertisement of the American editor, explains the character of the present work.

"The careless manner in which Burns distributed many of his effusions among his friends, with scarcely any regard to their preservation, has hitherto rendered a complete edition of his works a desideratum very difficult of attainment. Short poems, of great merit, have been, from time to time, rescued from obscurity, and inserted in the successive editions of his works; but a considerable number were, from a variety of considerations, still suppressed, until the recent publication of Cunningham's edition has brought them to light. With respect to some of these fugitive pieces, the reasons for their suppression are sufficiently obvious, even if they had not been fairly and very properly avowed by the poet himself. They are such as could neither do honour to him, nor service to the public at large; and although their original effusion may be excusable, in consideration of the political or personal feelings which prompted them, yet their preservation is no less unjust to the reputation of the bard, than detrimental to the cause of good taste and pure morality.

"These observations are applicable to a part only of the additions to Burns's Works, which have been made in Cunningham's edition. All those pieces to which they do not, with greater or less force, apply, have been introduced into the new edition which we now offer to the public, and which we believe to be entitled, in every proper and worthy sense, to be considered the complete Works of Burns; inasmuch as we are fully convinced that a revision of his works by the author himself, would have left nothing in them which we have not retained."

may 16

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.

PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

D. KING informs his friends and the public that he continues to prepare and affix to buildings, his improved Lightning Conductors; they are approved by all practical and well informed Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old form.—Gentlemen in want of Lightning Conductors are invited to call at his rooms, No 57 Cornhill, Boston, where they may be satisfied of the superior effects of his Rods, by illustration; where also may be had Plate and Cylinder Electrical Machines, Galvanic Batteries and their apparatus—all warranted of the best workmanship, and superior power; prices reasonable, for cash or approved credit. may 2

PAPER HANGINGS

MANUFACTORY,

No. 403, Washington street—a strance in Fayette Court.

HENRY WOOD, Paper-Hanger and Paper-Stainer, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to keep a good assortment of Paper Hangings of his own manufacture, of the newest and most fashionable styles, which he will warrant to be of as good workmanship and durable colors as any in the market.—He has just finished a variety of new patterns, which he will sell very low for cash.

Those in the country trade would do well to call at this establishment, where they will find an excellent assortment of the middling and low priced Satin Papers, besides a great variety of patterns, which can be made up to order at a few days notice.

H. W. would also inform the builders and holders of real estate in Boston and its vicinity, that he will contract to hang paper, or furnish paper and hang the same by the job, or by the roll, and he pledges himself to give satisfaction, or receive nothing for his services.

Persons wanting any thing in his line, and finding it inconvenient to call at his manufactory, will meet with prompt attention by leaving an order in his order box, at the Mechanics' business room, or at his house, No. 3, Graphic Court.

N. B. Patterns sent for selection to any part of the city. march 22

BOOTS AND SHOES,

FOR CASH,

AT VERY LOW PRICES,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY

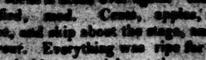
THOMAS C. WALES,

No. 336 Washington Street.

sept 28 tf

STEAM PACKET "RANGOR,"

CAPT. SAMUEL M. HOWES.



BOSTON, PORTLAND and BANGOR. Fare, from Boston to Portland, $2; from Boston to Bangor, $4, and found.

The elegant low pressure Steam Packet Rangor, Capt. Samuel M. Howes, will leave Boston every Monday at 5 P. M. for Portland and Bangor; arrives at Portland Monday morning; leaves Portland every morning at 7 o'clock for Bangor; touching at Cutbert and, Rockport and Frankfort, and arrives at Bangor same evening.

Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland and Boston Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock; arrive at Portland same evening. Leaves Portland for Boston every Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock.

For Portland, will leave Boston every Thursday, at 5 P. M.

From Portland for Boston, will leave every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Freight will not be received on board after 4 P. M. on the days of sailing.

This splendid Steam Packet was built by Messrs Brown & Bell, of New York, of the very best materials for air caught, equal to any in the United States. She is almost 400 tons burthen, built expressly for a sea route.

Her engine was from the Manufactory of J. P. Allaire, of New York, and has proved to be equal to any in use in this country, by constant use the whole of last season and not requiring any repairs.

In the fitting up of this Packet no expenses have been spared to contribute to the comfort or safety of passengers She is provided with two powerful forcing pumps and suction hose; also a Fire Engine to be kept on her deck, in case of Fire to operate on any part of the boat. Five large boats, a large number of India rubber and hair Mattrasses, one of which will sustain four persons on the water.

She is rigged with fore and aft sails, in case of accident to the Engine, that can be managed as any other vessel.

Many improvements have been made during the winter, under the immediate inspection of Captain Howes. She has been on the Salem railway, and coppered. Her cabins have been lighted, several state rooms made on her main deck, and completely and thoroughly overhauled.

For passage, apply to ISAAC W. GOODRICH, No 58 Washington street, at which place a plan of the cabins may be seen, and berths secured, or on board of the Captain, or to M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf.

☞Travellers may depend on the above arrangements being permanently made. tf march 23

NEW BOOKS.

THE PHENIX—A collection of old and new fragments.

The Complete Farmer. By Thomas G. Fessenden.

Memoir of Swartz. By Hugh Pearson, D. D.

Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity.

Barnes' Notes on the Acts, Vol. 2.

Esther—A religious narrative, with an original poem, by H. F. Gould.

For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, 133, Washington street. may 16

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52. Water st. may 16 istf

REFINED CIDER.

J. W. CARTER, Bromfield street, has on hand a large spring stock of prime Bottled Cider, which he offers for sale at wholesale or retail, also Bottled Porter, and Albany Ale; Meldrum's Ale, in quart and pint bottles; together with a variety of bottled Wines—all of which will be sold at low prices, and sent to any part of the city free of expense. tf march 14

LOOKING-GLASS, PORTRAIT, PICTURE FRAME

MANUFACTORY,

36, Union-street, *(one door West of the Baptist Church.)*

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he is prepared to attend to the commands of those who may be pleased to favor him with their business in the above line. He hopes by his assiduity and attention to business to merit a share of the public patronage.

N. B. Particular attention paid to framing Ladies' Needle Work. Frames made for Looking Glass Plates. Old frames re-gilt.

feb 28 3m JOSEPH CABOT.

CARAGEEN, OR IRISH

MOSS.

4 CRATES of this much valued article, received direct from Ireland, and for sale by HENSHAW & Co. No 28 GRANITE STORE, Commercial Wharf. In parcels to suit purchasers. 6m feb21

CIDER.

350 BBLS Refined Cider, a very superior article for bottling, for sale by

HOLBROOK & MOODY,

No. 218, Ann-street, corner of Sun Court st.

Also, for sale, a quantity of bottled Cider, as above

☞Cider delivered to any part of the city free of expense. 3m march 7

Operations on the Teeth

DR. I. H. APPLETON respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he continues at No. 11 Winter-street, Boston, where he is prepared to perform all the operations of DENTAL SURGERY; viz. removing tartar and discolorations from the teeth, restoring diseased and spongy gums to a healthy state, cleansing and removing caries from decayed teeth, and filling them with gold, so as to render them as useful as before, and so most liable to decay than those that are perfectly sound.

He also attends to the making and inserting of all kinds of Artificial Teeth.

☞PORCELAIN, or INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH inserted on gold plates, from one to a full set, in the most approved manner.

☞The regulating of children's teeth, will receive his special attention.

Having for more than fifteen years devoted himself to the profession, he confidently believes he shall be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

He begs leave to inform the public that he has availed himself of the services of a skilful and scientific gentleman from Philadelphia, to assist him in his operations.

Dr. A. has prepared and used, for more than fifteen years, the COLUMBIAN LOTION, which has been proved by hundreds of individuals, and is highly recommended by eminent Physicians of this city, to be an effectual remedy for counteracting the pernicious effects of calomel, unpleasantness of breath, spongy or inflamed gums, and other diseases of the mouth.

He prepares also the COLUMBIAN TOOTH POWDER, for diseased teeth and gums, and the PEARL DENTIFRICE, for purifying the breath and whitening the teeth, and constantly keeps on hand an assortment of Tooth and Sponge Brushes of his own selecting.

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Boils, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangrene, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Scirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abscesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphilitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever; when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 122 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Ann S. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & W. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) E. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. B. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st. (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞A large discount made for cash. april 6

PRINTED MUSLINS AND

PRINTS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS, LUSTRINES, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment of the same will be made at low prices by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. may 16

LINEN CAMBRIC HDKFS.

CHEAP.

E. F. NEWHALL, 179, Washington street, has just received one case Linen Cambric Hdkfs, large and fine, at a low price. may 16

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON

ELIAS STONE BREWER has constantly for sale TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON. The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, and will be asserted by every lady that has used it.

april 25 414, Washington-street.

IRISH LINEN

WAREHOUSE.

BENJAMIN JACOBS, Jr. No 44, Washington-st. has received a complete assortment of superior 7-8 and 4-4 Irish Linens and 9-8, 5-4, 6-4, 10-4 and 11-4 Linen Sheetings and Pillow Case Linens. Among the assortment of 4-4 Linens will be found a very heavy and superior style, entirely undressed; a few cases extra fine for cotton and bleaches of shirts from 7-6 to 11-8 per yard; a few bales extra fine Russia Diapers and Crash; together with the following extensive assortment of housekeeping articles, viz:—

Table Cloths.

4 cases DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, from 2-2 to 8-4, many of which are extra fine, with Napkins and Doilies to match.

Table Napkins.

Fine Table Napkins and Doilies; extra fine unbleached Linen Doilies; do Napkins; fine French Towels; variety of colored Doilies.

Worsted Cloths.

3 cases elegant worsted Table Cloths, variety of colors, sizes from 9-4 to 20-4; 3-4 by 5-4 worsted and cotton work table Cloths; extra fine worsted Piano Covers; Russia, Irish and Scotch Towelling, of fine quality.

Irish and Scotch Goods.

Superior 6-4, 7-4, 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Irish and Scotch Double Damask; white Marseilles Toilet Covers best Marseilles Quilts, sizes from 10-4 to 16-4.

American Cotton.

Best quality 7-8, 4-4, 9-8 and 5-4 American Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings.

Blankets.

Extra fine double mill'd Rose Blankets; Crit. do.

Cambrics.

Super Long Lawns and Linen Cambrics.

Linen Cambric Hdkfs.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Linen Cambric Hdkfs—among which are fine Hemstitch, plain and wrought corners, gentlemen's 4-4 extra fine, white & colored borders.

Flannels.

An extensive variety of white Flannels, suitable for the approaching season, among which are several kinds, well known not to shrink in washing viz:—Rogers's Patent 4-4 and 6-4 Silk Wool, fine Gauze Flannel, manufactured of worsted, a beautiful article for summer wear.

☞Purchasers in want of superior fabrics, are invited to examine the assortment. 2m april 11

SILKS AND CALICOES.

3 CASES black and col'd Gro de Nap Silks;
3 do nice and low priced English Calicoes;
1 do do do do Irish Linens;
1 do black Cotton Hose;
1 do white do do
1 do slate do do (low priced)
2 do American Prints, do do
1 do Rouen Cassimeres, for children's wear;
1 do plain and small check'd English Ginghams;
2 cartoons Blond Gauze Veils;
3 do Sewing Silk Shawls;
3 do Fancy Hdkfs;

Together with a good assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, and Satinetts.

1500 yds light Calicoes, new patterns, just received from auction, for sale at 1 shilling per yd, by CHARLES ADAMS, 115 Hanover street. 5t may 2

BLEACHED AND BROWN

AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAS STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cochero Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do

With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do

with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Bleached and Brown Drillings.

Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Ferguson, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.

Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.

The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

FIG'D SILKS.

JUST RECEIVED—One case figured Silks, at very low price—for sale by

E. F. NEWHALL,

feb 28 N6. 179, Washington-street.

BROADCLOTHS.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c

For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S *variety Cloth Store, No. 48 Washington street.*

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city: and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston. 3m may 2

DRY GOODS.

THE Subscriber having just received his full assortment of

RICH SPRING GOODS,

from the late importations, is now prepared to offer to his friends and customers a very rich and extensive assortment, consisting in part of the following, viz—

1 case super rich col'd fig'd Silks, 60 cts
1 do do do do Poult de Soie, 75
1 do do do do and blue blk do 62 1-2
1 do do do do do do Gro de Naples, 50
1 do do do do do do do 42
1 do do fellow edge Gro de Swiss, 75
1 do do do do do do 70
1 do do white do do 62 1-2
1 do do rich 4-4 pink French Prints, 50
1 do do do new style French Ginghams 36
1 do do do do do London do 25
1 do do do do do do Prints, 25
3 cartoons super rich French Fancy Silk Hdkfs from 25 cts to $1
3 do do do red Merino Shawls from 3 50 to $16

Together with a great variety of Gloves, Hose, Corded Skirts, Fancy Hdkfs, Linens, Lawns, Cambrics, Muslins, Bishop Lawns, Corded Cambrics, Laces, Edgings, Insertings, Wov'd Blond, Cravats, Lace Veils, White Gauze Flannels, Diapers, Crash, Cottons, &c. &c.—all of which will be freely shown and offered at the above corresponding low prices by

CALVIN HOSMER,

No. 73, Hanover, corner of Marshall-st. Boston.

april 6 6m

NEW GOODS.

CHARLES GOODWIN, No. 74 Hanover street, is constantly adding to his present assortment of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, a great variety of new articles which he offers at a very small advance from cost among which may be found—

Black and col'd Gro de Naples;
Do do Gro de Swiss;
French and English Bombazines;
Do do Ginghams;
Do do Prints;
Fancy Handkerchiefs;
Sewing Silk Shawls; Crape and Satin do;
Blond Gauze Veils; Merino Shawls;
Bishop Lawns; Long Lawns;
4-4 Linens, from Cotton to extra;
7-4, 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Damask;
Linen Cambrics and Cambric Hdkfs;
A large assortment of Gloves and Hosiery;
American Prints; Shirtings and Sheetings;
Broadcloths and Cassimeres. may 2

FRENCH PRINTS, &C. &C.

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received a large assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, consisting in part of—French Prints, large and small figures, of best kind; Printed Lute Muslins, rich new style. A great variety of Silks, fig'd, plain and plaided, good styles; French Ginghams, fine, similar to the Plaided Silks; Sewing Silk, Shawls, and Fancy Hdkfs. of various kinds; Printed Silk Muslins, a new and beautiful article for evening dresses; Merino Shawls; Blonde Veils, Scarfs and Hdkfs; a few very splendid embroider'd Scarfs; Merino Bombazines; light colors French Merinos, for children's wear; large and small check'd, fig'd and stripe, Cambrics; Jaconets; small, book and Swiss Muslins; Imitation Cambricks and Blond Lawns; Linen Cambrics; linen and linen cambric Hdkfs; col'd Table Covers; linen Damask Cloths; Marseilles Diapers; stout Russia Damask; Linens, great stock, for family use, low by the piece; Long Lawns; French Gauze, Table Covers, very splendid; Wove bed Ticking and Shoulings; a large assortment of last cotton Calicoes; superfine, middling and low Broadcloths; Cassimeres, Satinets; Flannels, &c. &c.

These goods are of recent importation, and will be sold as low as at any other store in the city. Purchasers are invited to look at the assortment. may 2

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant Putrid Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Common Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucus membranes of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal.—These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds, disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily disposes one to take cold.

The Vegetable Extract has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is, the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, as well as the rich.

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent, RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 601 Washington street; Pearson & Rowland, 168 Washington street; Brewer & Brotkers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Ball, 1 Union st; E. S. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leverett st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st; J. L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Henchman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C. French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hancock st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. F. Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; J. P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Preston, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

MASSACHUSETTS

BOTANIC INFIRMARY.

N. B. IF SICK OR LAME,

COLDS, coughs, chronic complaints, &c &c. cured with the vapor bath and a few roots or herbs, at 556 Washington street, opposite the Worcester Rail Road Office.

Reference: Alpheus Adams, Barnstable—Joseph Converse, Brighton—John H. Young, Lowell—Capt E. Fish, Sandwich—Wm Eldridge, Harwich—Robert Schouler, West Cambridge—Henry N. Carpenter, Goshen, N. H.—Moses Nelson, Sutton N. H.—P G. Sheldon, New York—Samuel Cleaveland, New Orleans.

Together with 1400 others, principally of this city, one of which was relieved in seven hours and cured in six days of brain fever or cold and delirium, after his physician had given him up to die, and said he could not live six hours.

Another, a child sick with the croup, given over as incurable by one of the celebrated regular, diplomized physicians, and thought to be dying before I saw it, relieved in fifteen minutes well enough to ride out in three days, and recovered entirely in a short time.

Another—a gentleman who had been confined to his bed for some time, with the rheumatism—relieved so as to be able to walk, in twenty-four hours, and entirely recovered in a few weeks.

Another, of the same complaint, cured in one week, after having previously been confined to his room for four months, with the same complaint, when under the fashionable mercurial blistering practice.

Another—a lady, with severe palpitation of the heart, so much relieved in one day as to regain her health in a few weeks, by using the simple medicine at her own house.

Another—a lady, who had been sick for a long time, and applied to several physicians, some of whom said she had the liver complaint, some consumption, some dyspepsia, others general debility, all of whom I think told the truth, so much relieved in one month, as to be able to sit up all day and do some work, and now enjoys comfortable health.

I might continue this list till I should weary the readers patience with numerous cures of all curable complaints which flesh is heir to, but shall close with a general invitation to all, both sick and well, to call and see for themselves, and if they are not fully satisfied that the Botanic System of Medicine is both safe and salutary, they will be referred to any of the above persons, who are convinced from experience, that

"The simple herbs beneath our feet,
WELL US'D, relieve our pains complete,"

Syrups for coughs and colds for sale, together with a general assortment of Vegetable Medicines, wholesale and retail, at fair prices. J. A. BROWN, B. P.

feb 14 tf

MRS. GRISWOLD'S

SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELSH, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same,) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts, and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 283 Washington street, or of her agent, as above directed.

april 4 3m

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best med